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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The mayoralty contest is the leading subject of discussion, and any quantity of talk and diversity of opinion can be heard, as to the merits of the three candidates.

Many people are demanding what right Clarke has to expect election? Others enquire with quite as well defined a sneer why Rogers should seek so important a trust. A third section equally vigorous, though not as numerous, are demanding the place for Ald. Defoe.

The question arises has any man a right to the place? Can anyone's friends with propriety say: "This man should have it, and it is presumption in any other man to aspire."

There are doubtless qualifications for the office, which every candidate should have, but it is utterly absurd for any man to demand the place as a right.

Those opposed to Clarke, sneer at him, and say he has no municipal experience, and has only been one year in the Legislature. True. But Mr. Rogers has not had a year in the Legislature, nor a year in the council.

On the other hand Mr. Defoe has long been an alderman, and imagines that this gives him a priority of claim, but there are a great many gentlemen in Toronto who have made very fair aldermen who would make very poor mayors.

There is no such thing as a right to the place. The only right is on the part of the people to elect the man they see fit. There is sometimes an undefinable something in a man which the people esteem. Honest men often have characteristics which the public cannot endure. Well-intentioned people are frequently offensive. Law-abiding citizens are often the greatest disturbers of the peace. Men who have no other aim than fidelity to a principle frequently set the community by the ears.

In choosing a mayor the one thing to be remembered—outside of the personal qualifications of the candidate, his honesty of purpose and general record—is what the people want and have confidence in.

It is generally believed that Ald. Defoe is an honest man, and, for that matter, a capable man, but somehow people don't care whether he is or not, and his candidature falls flat. He has not that individuality which attracts nor that strength of character which commands.

Ald. Rogers is doubtless a capable, honest, God-fearing man, but yet people imagine he is built on a very small pattern.

E. F. Clarke, a man large and striking in appearance, whose boyhood and manhood have both been spent here, has never been accused of any wrong doing, but has always been reputed as a fair and high-spirited man. Those who know him like him, and don't care to enquire why, and those who have heard of him have heard nothing but good. As a candidate for the Legislature he was immensely popular, and people turned naturally to him and said he would make a good mayor. In point of business experience he is equal to either of the others, and as to personal popularity he so greatly exceeds them that there is no comparison.

Ald. Rogers, however, is backed up by all the intense prejudice of the temperance associations and is being praised and advocated by that section of fervid pulpiteers who for the past few years have been exerting a great, if not an undue influence in directing municipal affairs with which they are entirely unacquainted.

An intolerant spirit has gotten abroad, and demands are being made for sumptuary laws more arbitrary and impracticable than those which already exist, and which have been found unworkable. With a perversity of judgment which threatens to destroy even that which they have gained, our temperance friends have resolved to not only crucify the demon of drink but every man who dares in sober earnest to say that no more restrictive measures shall be forced upon the public until public opinion has been prepared, and when such a measure of temperance legislation as we have, has been put into working shape, and the beneficial effects of it demonstrated by results.

To those of our friends who are absorbed by temperance and religious questions no sound seems to come of the other important matters which demand immediate and thorough-going attention. They forget that there is a large section of men who will profit by any disturbance of public criticism which will permit them to rob the city and scamp public works unobserved.

Temperance is a good thing, but it is not all of godliness any more than it is all of municipal politics.

Lots of mean men do not drink whisky, and plenty who do not drink, sell or encourage the sale of intoxicants, dislike to be dragooned and abused and taught that the chief way to hell is through the neck of a bottle.

Thousands of good-living men—kind-hearted, honest men—take an occasional glass and have the presumption to hope for eternal salvation; and it might be well to remember that the Pharisees and self-righteous of old, while feeling that they were doing their duty, shouted for Barabbas and crucified the King.

It is easy to raise a public tempest by false issues, slander and loud-mouthed assumption, but it should be remembered that in such tempests the innocent generally suffer, and blunt honesty is overpowered by artful hypocrisy.

In the name of the Most High, men have been burned at the stake, and the banner of the Prince of Peace has floated over bloody fields and smoking faggots lit by the cunning, ambitious and fanatical. The same methods have taken different phases, but are not yet out of fashion.

Outside of the question of men, it is well for us to judge calmly, and not to endeavor to establish our piety by the intensity of our persecution.

Two Versions of the Same Thing.

(Extracts from letters to his brother on the farm.)

I'm here in Toronto studying at the Normal School and I like it. I didn't like it first: awful lonesome, and nobody seemed to want to get acquainted with me. Now I know lots of people and only been here two months. It was an awful good job I changed boarding-houses. There's a girl here and she's a perfect lady and her and me get along splendid. I talk to her every night after supper, and sometimes we go out walking. I took her to the theater once and paid two dollars for front seats. You'll say I'm crazy to spend the price of more'n half a week's board on going to a show, but she wanted to, and I couldn't get out of it, so I just let it flicker; but I won't do it again. Jim Fuller and some of the boys that go to the Medical School were up in the gallery and saw me, and yelled down to "bring her up and introduce her, Bonesy!" I asked her if she'd mind going home without seeing the rest of the show, but she wouldn't. It spoilt it for me. They were jealous because I had caught on to a girl and was having a good time. There's an awful lot of jealousy here in town. * * * *

(No. 2). The other night Miss Disher—the girl at the boarding-house—took me to a party on Spadina avenue. It is the wealthiest street in the city pretty near, and folks put on heaps of style now, I tell you. I was scared out of my life for fear I wouldn't know what to do. I told the girl I wasn't much used to going around, but she said "never mind, they ain't proud people, and you'll feel to home." But I didn't though. I sweat all night for fear I'd make some mistake. It made me awkwarder than ever, watching to see how other people acted and trying to do the same. I spilt some tea in my lap and let my knife fall on the floor twice. Miss Disher laughed fit to kill. I don't think she's much of a lady for that. I know I wouldn't have done it to her.

Jim Fuller was there acting up as usual. You know how he carries on with the girls. Well, he's just the same here. I introduced him to Miss Disher, and first thing he asked her was where "she'd picked up Bonesy here?" and she roared. I'm sure she's not as much of a lady as lots of the girls 'round home. After that she hardly spoke to me, and Jim Fuller took her home. I don't think none of the folks had a good time at the party. I didn't for one. I'm going to change my boarding house. The victuals are bad here, and me and Miss Disher don't speak.

PART II.

[Jim Fuller's account of it, as given to six fellow medical students.]

Say, d'ye mind the tall, skinny fellow with the girl we guyed the night we went to see that doctor play at the Grand? Well, I should say he was fresh! The girl he had with him was a hash artist in her mother's boarding house, where Bonesy puts up. He told me himself he wanted to go home when we called him up to introduce his girl, but she wouldn't quit till she'd had her dollar's worth.

Well, I met them up on Spadina avenue the other night, and she was towing him round in great shape and showing him how to do the grand act. He was blushing and sweating and stumbling and trying to act like everybody else, and making the holiest show of himself! He introduced me to the pot artist—Miss Disher he called her, but I guess it's Wash-disher—and I made a mash, squeezed her and kissed her on the stairs, and promised to go up to her house and board, and she fired Bonesy and let me take her home. Yes, she's soft as mush; but Bonesy—he's too fresh to keep, and almost fainted when he saw the lovely and loving Disher walk off with me.

Fun! Well, I should say so. The folks of the house didn't amount to a hill of beans, and a fellow could do just as he pleased. You'd ought to see the zang of loonies and spoonies! This was about the programme:

"Say, Jinnie, sing something!"

"Oh, I can't. You sing yourself!"

"Why, you know I can't—not when anybody's 'round!"

"Oh, yes you can!"

"Go on, now, and sing!"

"Now quit. You know I can't sing!"

"Yes, you can. You've took more lessons than me!"

"Why you awful thing, you know I've only had two terms and you've had four!"

"Oh go on now and don't pertend!"

"You nasty thing I ain't pertending, and I've no music with me."

"There's lots of music here. Let's see you sing Juanita and Faded Flower and Some Day and Sweet Violets and lots of things."

"Oh! I've forgot them. Now, don't ask me, because I won't."

"Come on now, don't be silly!"

And then she went and "Waw-nee-tahed" and "Some Dayed" and "Sweet Violeted" till we had to choke her off. Then she said: "Now you play something, and they had it all over again, about how many quarter lessons they'd taken, till Disher and I went out on the stairs.

"*Fun*! Well I should say so! and cold ham and cakes and boughten tarts and poor old Bonesy making an ass of himself, and a little girl with a blue dress giggling till I thought every minute 'd be her next. The old man asked me back and said he did'nt know how the party would have gone off if I had'nt been there.

"Oh Miss Disher
How I misher
I'd like to kisher."

"Ring the bell there Bob and we'll have another and go home!"

AN OJIOUS STUJENT.

"YOUR PAPER, MA'AM."

The Osgoode Hall Debate.

A great many people attended the recent debate at Osgoode Hall between Messrs. Hughson and Graham, from McMaster Hall Literary Society, and Messrs. Ludwig and Ryckman, of Osgoode Hall. The subject for debate, as announced in the programme, was Commercial Union; but for some unaccountable reason the audience was informed at the close by the chairman, Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., that the debate had really nothing to do with Commercial Union, nor with Prof. Goldwin Smith, Erastus Wiman, or anybody else. The alleged reason was found in the wording of the resolution, which appears to have been to the effect that unrestricted reciprocity between the United States and Canada and a high tariff against all other countries would be beneficial to both. The geographical contiguity argument was pressed by the affirmative, and to it the chairman attached great importance. His decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The gentlemen from McMaster gave rather marked indications of their calling by their ministerial accent or twang, if one may be pardoned for so terming it, though their arguments seemed to bear more directly upon the resolution. Mr. Ryckman is a graduate from Victoria. One lady was overheard to remark how gracefully the gentlemen on the negative bore the decision given against them, while their opponents allowed their anxiety to hear the chairman's decision get the better of their good taste. Short addresses were given by Mr. J. F. Fullerton, president of the society, and Dr. Cassell. Out of deference to the gentlemen from McMaster, there was no dancing after the debate, as it was expected there would be. Presumably it was also out of deference to them that there were no refreshments, God Save the Queen was sung instead.

Modesty at Half-Mast.

According to all the signs of the social zodiac, writes Dalziel in New York *Truth*, this will be an off year for extremely low-necked dresses. Modesty at half-mast has frequented the *loges* of our theaters, and strolled unchallenged through our fashionable *salons* long enough to pall even upon the india-rubber tastes of the most *blase* cosmopolitan. All persons will therefore hail with satisfaction the announcement that the Lady of the White House will endeavor, during her public receptions this winter, to set an example in the matter of attire that is likely to be followed in all properly polite circles elsewhere. There is a broad equatorial line that divides the positively indecent and the pure, and when the fiat goes forth that establishes the correct altitude of a woman's bodice, we shall no longer be afflicted with those extra exhibitions of arms and shoulders, sometimes pudgy, sometimes scrubby, that constitute the stock in trade of so-called society women whose religion it is to follow the style.

"Your Paper, Ma'am."

The beautifully engraved picture which appears on this page of SATURDAY NIGHT, is but the first of a series of handsome illustrations which from week to week will grace this paper, and which will embrace the best work of the greatest artists and engravers the world has ever known. As these engravings will all be carefully printed on fine white paper, they will be well worth preservation, and those who find it inconvenient to file the paper regularly, can utilize the engravings to beautify their homes.

The press-work and typographical beauty of SATURDAY NIGHT speak for themselves. No Canadian weekly or monthly publication has ever approached it in mechanical excellence. The type used in it is the best that money can procure. It is large and easily read, and will not tire the eyes. The publishers will spare no efforts to keep the paper, both mechanically and as to its contents, superior to any similar publication. That is saying a good deal, but the result will prove its truth.

The art department of SATURDAY NIGHT will be under the supervision of a gentleman of experience and ability, who will exercise every care in providing such illustrations as will prove acceptable to the public. The publishers will be glad to receive sketches from Canadian artists for use, if suitable, in these columns. Sketches should always be made large, for in reproducing the best result is obtained by reducing the original. In submitting sketches, artists would do well to roll them about a cardboard tube, which will keep them from damage when being transmitted through the mails.

The season, so far, has been a combination of dullness and brilliancy. There have been any number of small affairs and a few large ones, but these latter were all early in the fall, and for some weeks there has been an almost unbroken gap of At Homes and small "kicks." Among the larger events were notably the parties given by Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. E. B. Osler and Government House, and the At Homes by Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy. Of the more recent events, the At Home of Mrs. J. D. Edgar last week was probably the most noticeable. Some 500 invitations were sent out and over 400 accepted.

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Government House has been quite gay this year. Both Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell are fond of entertaining, and so far have done a good deal of it. Some weeks ago a rather large party was given, and besides this there have been numerous "evenings," several dinner parties, and the customary fortnightly receptions. These receptions are given on the first and last Wednesday of every month, so that there was one this week while there will be another on Wednesday next. The ball at Government House will be given as soon as possible after the Legislature opens. The date for the opening has not as yet been decided upon, but it will probably be some time in February. It is understood that the intention is to give two balls at Government House, the second to follow some two or three weeks after the first. The invitation list is so large that it would be next to impossible to have one event include all those to whom cards should be sent. The usual monthly dinner will be given at Government House on the 15th, and a small children's party has been arranged for the following evening.

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Miss Marjorie Campbell, I am told, is very fond of gaiety. She is a tall and graceful young lady, an inveterate and good lawn-tennis player, and a most indefatigable pedestrian. I frequently meet her walking along with a firm, vigorous step that shows athletic tendencies and developement. She dresses quietly and neatly.

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One of the pleasantest affairs of the season was the recent party at Mrs. E. B. Osler's, at the coming-out of her niece, Miss Isobel Osler, who has been living with her aunt and uncle since her return from England. Among those present were: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. A. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. W. and Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. Evans and the Misses Evans, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Kingsmill, Mr. Hugh Smith and the Misses Larratt Smith, Mr. P. Hodgins and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. H. H. Browne, Mr. E. Heward and Miss Heward, Mrs. J. O. Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Cassels, Miss Young, Mr. W. Gillespie, Mr. H. Mayne Campbell, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Baines, Mrs. Ambrose, Mr. Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Drake, Mr. McLean, Mr. Walter Cassels, Miss Cassels, Dr. Nattress, Dr. Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mr. Yarker and Miss Yarker, the Misses Spratt, Miss Todd, Miss Thorburn, the Misses Osler, Rev. John Langtry, Mrs. Langtry, and the Misses Langtry, Mr. R. MacDonald, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Seymour, Mr. N. Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvy, Mr. Wragge, Miss Wragge, Mr. A. Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Miss Robinson, Mr. Arthur Bolton, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Strathy, Mr. J. Moss, Miss Moss, Mr. Lightburn, Mr. Sydney Small, Mr. Boulton, Mr. White, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. Campbell, Miss Campbell, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Hooper, Miss Hooper, Miss M. Baldwin, Miss S. Baldwin, Miss Yarwood and Miss Eddis.

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Mrs. B. B. Osler, by the way, and her niece, Miss Amy Osler, are at the Sanitarium in Rochester, Mrs. Osler being unfortunately in very poor health. Her niece, Miss Georgie Osler, a daughter of Judge Osler, gave a dinner party at Mr. B. B. Osler's house a few nights ago to the junior members of her uncle's firm.

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Despite the fact that the musicale given by Mrs. J. D. Edgar a week ago Thursday evening was in honour of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wilkie, who is at present visiting her, it had a distinct political air. A great many middle-aged gentlemen who do not as a rule attend such entertainments were present, and materially assisted in making the evening pass pleasantly. The rooms were so well filled that they were little short of being crowded. The harpers played well, but their music was often lost in the hum of the animated conversations going on. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who, during her stay in Toronto was the guest of Mr. G. W. Yarker, was present and was decidedly the centre of attraction. The beauty of the city was well represented. Many of Toronto's fairest daughters outshone Mrs. Siddons, but the glamour of the footlights clung to her skirts and proved attractive. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer was there in a handsome dress of blue brocaded velvet. She was accompanied by Miss Violet Seymour, of Port Hope, the charming young lady who has been staying with her recently. Miss Gussie Hodgins was dressed in cream lace, and looked like one of the lovely women Du Maurier sketches in *Punch*. Miss Mabie Heward, who has lately returned from England with her mother, was dressed in gauze of contrasted colors, trimmed with gold passementerie. Among the gentlemen were Mr. Colin Campbell, lately arrived from Edinburgh, and Mr. Blackburn, the art critic, who has been paying a visit of some considerable length at Sir William Howland's.

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On Saturday Mrs. Yarker gave an afternoon tea to meet Mrs Scott-Siddons. It was small and select. Mrs. Siddons looked at her best. She wore a beautiful diamond crescent in her hair and was dressed in perfect taste. Among those present were Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Mrs. Allan Cassells.

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On the same afternooon a very delightful At Home was given by Mrs. Hugh Macdonald in honor of Miss Sinclair, of Hamilton, who is visiting her. Among those whose presence was noticed were Henry Cawthra, the Misses Boulton, John and Mrs. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Miss Thorburn, Mr. Mortimer Clarke and the Misses Clarke, Mr. H. F. Wyld, Mr. Harry Brock, Mr. Lyman Dwight, Mr. Jas. Denny, Mr. John Kay and Miss Kay, the Misses Scott, Miss Manning, Mr. J. Boulton, Mr. John Hay, Miss Hawke, Mrs. Brouse, the Misses Laidlaw, Mrs. Stewart Morrison, Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Cawthra, Miss Fisken, Mr. A. B. Barker, Mrs. Leys and Miss Leys and Jas. Ince. About a couple of hundred were present altogether.

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On Tuesday last Mrs. Wm. Cawthra gave an At Home in her magnificent mansion on Jarvis street. Mrs. Cawthra received, with Mrs. Monk beside her. The At Home was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Monk, who have just returned from their wedding tour in the Old Country. The bride was dressed in white satin, and carried a large bouquet of chrysanthemums. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. John C. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Crowther, sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Crowther, jr., Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crowtner, Gordon and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Dugan, Henry and Mrs. Duggan, Mr. Markland, Mr. and the Misses Howland, Sir W. P. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Mr. Edward Rutherford, Mr. Harry Brock, Mr. George Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Leys, Miss Gussie Ridout, Miss C. Cumberland, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong, Mr. Gordon McKay, Mr. Jack Ridout, Mrs. Todd and the Misses Todd, Miss DuMoulin, the Misses Parsons, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, the Misses McCutcheon, and Mr. and the Misses Evans. Almost all the leading people of Toronto were present, and the house was crowded. The arrangements were excellent.

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A number of Toronto's young men are much taken with the charms of person of Miss Mabel Heward, who recently returned to Toronto with her mother. Mrs. John Heward, after an absence in England of some six or seven years. During her absence Miss Heward has grown into an amazingly pretty young lady, charming and affable. Unfortunately for the hearts of her adorers, however, the young lady is engaged to a young English naval officer named Williamson. This reminds me that Miss Marjorie Campbell is engaged as well, and her affianced is Lieut. Williamson of the British navy, who is stationed on a flag ship off Portsmouth. The two young men are brothers.

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It is probable that musical and society circles in Toronto will be robbed of one of their brightest ornaments this season. Miss Robinson intends going to New York with the idea of ultimately adopting music as a profession, though she will go through a course of musical study before entering upon a professional career. Miss Robinson's plans are not definitely settled as yet, but she will probably leave this winter. There was some talk of Capt. Gamble Geddes doing the same, but if he ever had such intention he abandoned it when he became interested in the success of the new west end curling and skating club. Geddes, by the way, should be made manager or superentendent of the new rink. He has taken a great deal of interest in it, devoted his time to it and can make it a success if anybody can.

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Miss Lillie Brunell of this city is visiting her cousin, Mrs. George Gould of New York, who is well known in Toronto. Miss Brunell will accompany Mrs. Gould to the continent in the spring, where they will stay for a year or more. It is presumed Miss Brunell's handsome face will make a lasting impression on susceptible New Yorkers. Mrs. Gould was, as everyone knows, Miss Edith Kingdon, the actress, before the heir of Jay Gould's money met and married her. Miss Kingdon, who now owns as much of the earth as she cares to, presumedly, obtained her position at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, by a clever stratagem. She was performing a small part in the Boston Theater while Mr. Daly's company was playing an engagement at the Museum. Miss Kingdon wrote to Mr. Daly asking for an interview, but had no response. Finally she conceived the idea of sending two seats for the Boston Theater and a carriage to Mr. Daly. He could not resist, and attended the performance. The next day he sent her a note stating that he would call and see her, if agreeable. Now what did this clever girl do? She was living in an ordinary boarding house, but she went straight way to one of the leading hotels, hired a splendid suite of rooms, put on a handsome gown, and then told Mr. Daly to come on. He did; she conquered. She became one of the most attractive actresses ever seen on Mr. Daly's stage, and then George Gould fell in love with her.

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The engagement is announced of Mr. George Dunstan, manager of the North Toronto branch of the Federal Bank, to Miss Ida Palmer, of Hamilton, who, by the way, is a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Mr. Dunstan's brother, who is the manager of the Hamilton business of the Bell Telephone Company, is engaged to Miss Alice Pierce of that city. Mr. Dunstan, it is understood, will shortly leave the telephone company and devote himself to legal work for which he has always had a decided inclination.

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Colonel George T. Denison was married at Perth on Thursday to Miss Nellie Mair of that place. Miss Mair was the younger of two sisters whose father died some time since leaving them something like $50,000 each, I am told. The young lady is said to be very beautiful. The wedding was attended by the groom's brother, Col. Fred. C. Denison, M. P., and other members of the family from Toronto. Col. Denison will be absent from Toronto a couple of weeks or more on his wedding trip.

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The reception at Government House Wednesday afternoon was attended by a large number of people. In the absence of the Lieut.-Governor the visitors were received by Miss Marjorie Campbell and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon. The following ladies and gentlemen were there:—Mrs. John McDonald, Miss McDonald, Mr. A. A. McDonald, Mr. J. F. McDonald, Mrs. A. T. Ogilvy and Mr. Ogilvy, Miss Clarkson Jones and Miss Jones, Edmund and Mrs. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, Mr. A. Morris Guler, Mr. A. J. Tollyer, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Cotten, Capt. and Mrs. J. T. Douglas, Miss Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Towner and Miss Towner, L. R. O'Brien and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Caldwell, Miss McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fred, Mrs. King Dodds, the Misses Dodds, Mrs. Alex. J. Carder, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brown, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mrs. Chas. Lindsey, Mrs. Leonard Leigh, Mr. and Mrs J. L. Brodie, Mr. L. J. S. Lindsey, Mr. Charles Lindsey, Mrs. W. L. M. Lindsey, Frank and Miss Hodgins. Steel and Mrs. Macklin, Mrs. Cayley, Mr. W. Wilcox and Miss Baldwin, Mr. R. W. T. Baldwin, C. T. and Mrs. Whitney, Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mrs. H. F. Boulton and the Misses Boulton, M. R. Boulton, Miss C. T. Prince, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, the Misses Birchall, Mr. W. V. and Mrs. Greene, Mr., Mrs., Miss Greene, Mr. and Mrs. C. Stewart Grafton, the Misses Douglas, the Misses Meredith, Mr. Arthur Meredith, Mrs. Kingston, Miss Malone, Mr. James and Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. W. Hamilton Meritt, the Misses Meritt, Mrs. S. S. McDonell, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. Geo. S. Hart, Miss Ada Hart, Miss Macoun, Rev. and Mrs. H. Symonds, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hawke, Mrs. John and the Misses Strachan, Mr. Elmes Henderson, Miss Lay, Miss Neals, Mrs. D. Kemp, Mrs. John McNab, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Miss Ardagh, Hugh and Mrs. McMahon, Ed. and Mrs. Darmour, Wallace and Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. Darcy McMahon, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Grassett, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. Geo. A. Evans, Mr. A. V. Evans, Mr. H. W. Fitton, Mr. C. H. Fitton, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Mrs. Heward, Mr. J. O. Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, Miss Grimson, the Provost of Trinity College and Mrs. Body, the Bishop of Niagara, Mr. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitney, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. John Duggan, Mrs. Tulloks, Mr. and Mrs. L. Bruce Harmann, Mr. M. MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Grassett, Mr. H. Fox, Mr. A. St. George Boulton, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. R. C. Dickson, Mr. J. W. Lears, Mr. T. W. Gamble, Mrs. J. H. Menzies.

TETE-A-TETE.

Miss Ryan, of Kingston, is visiting her cousin here.

Miss Jessie Arthurs is visiting friends in Montreal.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson are out of town at present.

Mrs. Bain of Wellesley street, gave a 9 o'clock At Home last evening.

A large At Home is being held at Senator McDonald's this afternoon.

The Toronto Yacht Club ball will be given about the usual time in January.

Mrs. Walter Lee was at home to about 75 of her friends Thursday evening.

A small party will be given by Mrs. W. Gillespie, Rosedale, next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Edward Lake, of 38 Wilcox street, will give a children's party Tuesday afternoon next.

The marriage of Mr. Douglas Armour to Miss A. Spratt has been arranged for early in February.

A very large and pleasant progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. John Foy, a week ago Friday.

It is understood that the Tenth Royals will not give a ball this year, as was popularly supposed.

The members of the Argonaut rowing club are contemplating some sort of a theatrical performance this season.

A large number of fashionable people attended the swearing-in of Judge Falconbridge at Osgoode Hall, last week.

Mr. Austin Smith, second son of Hon. Frank Smith, is engaged to be married to a charming young lady here, although the engagement has not as yet been announced.

A pleasant event was the coming out party of Miss Tottie Wood, given by Hon. S. C. and Mrs. Wood, at their handsome residence, on Avenue road, a week ago Thursday night.

A pleasant dinner party was given Thursday night by Mr. Henry Cawthra. It is rumored, by the way, that Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra will give a very large fancy dress ball this season.

Hamilton L. Hall, one of the committee of the Argonaut rowing club, will leave on Tuesday next for Cleveland, where he will enter the employ of the Lake Shore and Michigan Central Railroad people.

The engagement is announced of M.: Alex. M. M. Kirkpatrick, eldest son of Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, of this city, to Miss Carrie Denison, second daughter of Col. George T. Denison. The marriage will come off in the spring.

A small dinner party was given by Mrs. and Miss Albert Nordheimer on Saturday evening last. Professor Goldwin Smith, Col. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Mrs. Banks, Mr. S. and Mrs. Nordheimer were among those present. Mr. Nordheimer gave a much larger one last evening.

Mr. W. Parker Newton, who has for some time been connected with the Federal Bank in this city, left that institution on the first of the month to open a studio on Adelaide street east. Mr. Newton is a decidedly clever artist, and both with brush and pen has done exceedingly able work. A number of his pen-and-ink sketches are admirable.

Out of Town.

LONDON.

All the brokers predict a very dull winter socially for London, and assert that the financial crisis through which we have been going has had such a demoralizing effect on the pocket-books of many of our leading families that they do not feel much in the humor for entertaining. No doubt the failures of the Bank of London and the Ontario Investment Company are sore subjects to very many here, but I do not think society matters will be much affected by them.

To provide against such a contingency as a dull winter, the young ladies have inaugurated a series of "bread and-butter" parties. This means one dance a week if the present scheme is carried out. The supper is not *supposed* to demand any further tax on one's digestive powers than the partaking of the harmless but nourishing sandwich, and the "cup that cheers but seldom inebriates." However, there is usually a plentiful variety of cake, and sometimes ale for those who prefer it to the sleep-destroying coffee.

The most brilliant society event here this season was the marriage of Mr. R. W. Travers of the Bank of Montreal, Picton, to Miss Eda A. Smith, second daughter of Mrs. Simpson-Smith of Belvidere, London South. The wedding took place on Thanksgiving day, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Rev. Canon Innes conducting the service. The bridesmaids were Misses Florence Smith, Kittie Cronyn, Maud Goodhue, Laura Walker; and the groom was supported by Messrs. Travers (St. Thomas), Macdonald (Peterboro'), Spratt (Toronto), and E. B. Smith, brother of the bride. In the evening a ball was given at Belvidere, which was largely attended by friends of the bride and groom.

London has probably the prettiest and largest Opera House in Ontario, outside of Toronto, but it is not as well patronized as it should be. The most successful attractions this season, from a financial point of view, have been Lotta and Corinne. Mrs. Langtry had only fair houses, and the Florences, in Our Governor, played to a very small audience. Our people complain that the performances given here are not high class enough to suit their tastes, but Manager Davidson is influenced more by what pays, and he knows that light comedies and burlesques draw the largest audiences in this "cultured" city.

The tariff is always "breaking out in a new place." A young lady here has broken off her engagement with a gentleman living in the United States. She wishes to return the young man's love epistles and get her own back. The letters are numerous, and must be sent by express, so the young lady is anxiously inquiring through the daily papers if returned love-letters will be allowed to pass free through the Customs, or, if there be duty on them, how is it regulated and will the horrid Custom house man have to examine them? There certainly ought to be unrestricted reciprocity in the matter of returned love-letters between Canada and the United States.

Mr. Bell-Smith has on exhibition at his studio several very fine water colors ordered by Lord Elphinstone, Lord Lathom and the Countess of Kintore.

Two very enjoyable parties were given last week, one on Tuesday evening at Mrs. Henry Carling's, and the other on Thursday evening by Mrs. J. M. McKinnon.

"JIM THE PENMAN."

HAMILTON.

The directors of the Garrick Club held a meeting on Friday last, 25th inst., when they decided to grant the oft expressed wish of a section of the members to get up a negro minstrel performance. This will be given during Christmas week, if possible, and if not, then in January. They decided also to give a dramatic performance of some high-class society comedy, such as School for Scandal, Caste or The Two Roses later in the season, either just before or just after Lent. Sub-committees were appointed to take charge of the entertainments. The annual meeting of the club for election of officers, etc., will be held on Monday, Dec. 12th.

Mr. Geo. Thompson, a rising young lawyer here, is engaged to Miss Mona Bunbury, a young lady of rare beauty, the only daughter of Mr. R. T. Bunbury, of this city. Mr. Thompson was out shooting recently, and presumably was so much engrossed in thoughts of his *fiancee* that he did not notice which way his gun was pointed. At any rate, when it went off, the squirrel escaped, but one of Mr. Thompson's toes did not, and the consequence was a painful injury and the loss of a portion of the toe. I hear, however, that he has quite recovered.

There have been several At Homes given here. Among the latest and most fashionable were those given by Mesdames Gillespie, McGivern, Walker and Ramsay.

Mr. Benedict, of the Bank of Montreal, has been moved to Picton. He will be greatly missed among the fair sex.

Mr. R. Travers, of the Bank of Montreal, arrived in town on Tuesday, accompanied by his bride. They are staying with Mr. J. N. Travers. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Allan, who are on a visit to the city, are also guests of Mr. J. N. Travers.

An amateur performance of Gilbert's farcial comedy, Engaged, was given at Tudor Lodge, the residence of Mr. F. H. Mills, on Wednesday evening last. The following ladies and gentlemen comprised the dramatis personæ:

Cheviot Hill, a young man of property ... Mr. Denholm Burns.
Belvawney, his friend ... Mr. Hugh C. Bakes.
Mr. Symperson ... Mr. John B. Young.
Angus Macalister, a Lowland peasant ... Mr. C. Bruce.
Major McGillicuddy ... Mr. F. H. Mills.
Belinda Treherne ... Miss Bellhouse.
Minnie, Symperson's daughter ... Mrs. F. H. Mills.
Mrs. MacFarlane, a Lowland widow ... Miss E. Browne.
Maggie, her daughter, a Lowland lassie ... Miss Mabel Young.
Parker, Minnie's maid ... Miss Edith Chapman.

Miss Mabel Young as Maggie looked sweetly pretty, the costume of a Scotch lassie being very becoming to her. She acted her part with great spirit. Her Scotch accent was perfect and the guests were fairly delighted with her. The other ladies of the cast were all excellent in their parts. Of the gentlemen Mr. Burns' Cheviot Hill was admirable, while Mr. Bruce as Angus Macallister greatly amused the audience by his perfect Gaelic. Great credit is due to all, and especially to Mrs. F. H. Mills, her worthy husband, and Mr. Hugh Baker for their efforts and successful production of the play. The scenery came from New York.

Mr. J. McPherson, of J. M. McPherson & Co., wholesale boot and shoe manufacturers, is building a very handsome residence on James street south.

The largest and most fashionable party of the season was given by Mrs. Leggat on Friday evening last, the occasion being the debut of her daughter, Miss Leggat, who has just returned from the continent where she has been finishing her education. All the fashion and elite of the city were invited, besides several guests from Toronto, London, Detroit, Montreal and elsewhere. Miss Leggat is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in Ontario, and she justly carried of the palm as belle of the ball.

THE GOSSIPER.

WOODSTOCK.

A series of bread and butter parties have been held here this winter, so far with great success. That of Mrs. McCuaig deserves special mention as being particularly enjoyable. Mrs. Hood's was also very pleasant. We have had no balls as yet, but I hear on good authority that Mrs. William Grey will give one about Christmas time, and possibly Mrs. Nellis will follow suit.

The Woodstock amateur opera company will take up the Mikado after Christmas. They hope to get permission to produce it without having to pay royalty. Another amateur company, which is nameless so far, is wrestling with the Bells of Corneville; but the success of this opera is very doubtful, as Woodstock is hardly rich enough in musical talent to have two amateur companies unwisely separated from each other.

Mr. Wray, formerly of the Bank of Commerce here, and now stationed at the Hamilton office, spent last Sunday in town.

Miss Dumoulin, of Toronto, who has been staying for some time with Mrs. D. H. Charles, returned home last Friday. She will be much missed, for, as I heard a gentleman remark, "She was the light of the town," while with us.

Horsemanship has been lately the favorite amusement of some young society men here, but I think as far as a certain physician and bank official are concerned their riding days are over for some time. They are wiser men, these two, and, perhaps, sadder; but as a lengthy poem has already been written on this subject, I need say no more. Only let me add, the poem takes after the famous one about John Gilpin, but in this case there were two Johns.

Bishop Baldwin, it is said, does not care for bazaars in connection with the church. Notwithstanding this, at a meeting of the ladies of New St. Paul's a short time ago, all hands were held up in favor of a bazaar, at the instigation of a little married woman who is afraid of nothing. The bazaar will be held this week in in aid of New St. Paul's.

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Singers of Sacred Song.

Ever since primeval man first raised his voice in the harmony of tuneful sound, music has been recognized as an important factor in all divine services; and it is fit that the greatest of all the gifts humanity is blessed with, should be used in the praise of Him who gave it. The world would be nothing without music. It has an emotional power all its own. It stirs the heart, and where the heart leads men follow. Shakespeare has said mercy is twice blessed. The expression might better apply to music, for of a verity it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

There are many noble churches in Toronto, and in every one of them the musical element is more or less encouraged and cultivated. Of late years the musical portion of the church service has been developed to an extent never dreamed of in days gone by. It has become almost as important as the sermon, and the minister by his logic, and the singer by the purity and sweetness of his song, have combined to lead men nearer to a gracious God. To such an extent has church music been fostered, that up to within a recent date the Brooklyn Tabernacle spent some $16,000 yearly on this one item alone.

No church in Toronto devotes any such money and attention to its musical services, but every church recognizes the value of it, and we have here numerous well-trained choirs which unite every Sunday in a grand symposium of sacred song. Some of these choirs are of unusual excellence, and it will be the duty of SATURDAY NIGHT to refer to them, their work and members from time to time, with a view of encouraging them and creating an increased interest in musical matters in the city. From time to time, too, this paper will picture those who devote their attention to church music, and portraits of several well-known ladies who sing in the city churches, are given below.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY

is one of Toronto's best known vocalists and musicians. She is the soloist and director of the Berkeley street Methodist church, where she has been some four years. For six years before that she was one of the leading solists in the Metropolitan church. Of late Mrs. Bradley has done very little outside singing, devoting her entire time to her church work and teaching. She is a sweet-faced lady, affable, pleasant, a universal favorite and a thorough musician.

MRS. CLIFFORD C. JENKING

sings the soprano solos in the Elm street Methodist church, which has a large and good choir, ably conducted of Mr. Harry Blight. Mrs. Jenking has not been with the Elm street church very long, but for over four years belonged to the Metropolitan, which seems to be a sort of training school for the other churches to recruit from. Her voice is soft and pleasing.

MRS. J. B. BAXTER

is the soloist of the Queen street Methodist church, and her choir is one of the best in Toronto. Her husband is the organist. Mrs. Baxter has lived here many years and is well known both in and out of musical circles. Her voice is a pure and sweet soprano, ranging from four notes below the staff to three notes above it. She finished her musical education in the Boston conservatory some years ago, and has since devoted a great deal of her time to church music. She is blue-eyed, smiling-faced, good-natured and has brilliant conversational powers.

MISS ADELAIDE LAWSON

comes from a musical family. She is a sister of Mrs. Baxter and sings in the Metropolitan choir. Her voice is soprano, rather light, but sweet and flexible. Miss Lawson does not look unlike her sister, though the resemblance is not so noticeable in the portraits of them made by SATURDAY NIGHT's artist, and lies perhaps more in that indefinable something dubbed, for want of a better expression, "a family likeness." There is very little solo singing done in Mr. Torrington's choir, but Miss Lawson does her share of the little. The Metropolitan church employs no paid singers. It devotes its energies that way to the retention of Mr. Torrington, whose ability as a conductor has never been questioned. He leads the choir with marked skill, although it is rather regretted by some that he does not introduce more variety in the anthems he selects.

MRS. BOUCHETTE ANDERSON

is well known to Toronto people through her extended connection with the choir of the Church of St. George the Martyr. Mrs. Anderson's voice is sweet and pleasant. She has been absent from the choir for some weeks recently through illness, but it is understood that she will return at an early date. There are a number of excellent vocalists in St. George's choir—notably Mrs. Anderson, Miss Robinson, Capt. Gamble Geddes and Mr. Walter Read.

MRS. J. H. DAVIS

has been connected with the really excellent choir of St. James' Cathedral, for some time, as has her husband. Both of them are able vocalists and good musicians. Mrs. Davis' voice is sweet and sympathetic, a phrase which, with equal justice, might be applied to Mrs. Davis herself.

It is understood that part of the property on which the Bishop Strachan school stands has been, or very shortly will be, sold for residential purposes. The high board fence surrounding the school will be removed and the grounds materially beautified. The new memorial chapel is completed so far as the exterior is concerned, but some time will necessarily elapse before the interior is properly finished. The handsome stained glass memorial window for the northerly end of the chapel will not be put in position until somewhere about the first of the year.

Music.

FUTURE EVENTS.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 7.—Service of Praise. Church of the Ascension.
THURSDAY, Dec. 8.—Orphans' Home Concert, Pavilion.
MONDAY, Dec. 12.—Organ Recital, Northern Congregational Church.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14.—Service of Praise, Church of the Redeemer.
THURSDAY, Dec. 15.—Mr. Torrington's Orchestra Concert, Pavilion.
TUESDAY, Dec. 27.—Messiah, Philharmonic Society, Pavilion.

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Henry Irving once said that nowhere on this side of the Atlantic were such brilliant audiences to be seen as in Toronto, none of the other American cities comparing with it in respect of the large percentage of those attending entertainments in evening dress. Had he been at the Campanini concert on Saturday evening last, he could not have helped repeating his impression. Though not a large audience, it was distinctly "swell," both in composition and appearance. The beauty for which Toronto's daughters are famed, was there in full effulgence of low-necked, square-cut, V-shaped, and what other mysterious variations of evening dress there may be, while the men were almost universally in the conventional funereal black, with a killing expanse of shirt-front. Among those present were noticed Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mr. H. D. Gamble and a large party, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bendelari, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Robinson, Mr. Carden, Mr. E. A. Toshack, Mrs. F. P. Hammond, Miss Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rennie, Dr. and Mrs. McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. Ph. Jacobi, Mr. R. W. Thomas and party, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ball, Mr. R. Yates and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Coffee, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wyams, Mrs. F. Walker, Miss E. A. Johnson, of Seaforth, Signor and Mme. D'Auria, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Schuch and Mrs. Col. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mr. G. C. Forbes and party, Mr. J. Gray Gibson, Miss McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Dick, Mr. G. H. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wyld, Capt. Geddes, Capt. Mutton, Major and Mrs. Bourlier, Mrs. R. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gorrie, Mr. and Mrs. M. Saunders, Miss Kate Strong, of Mount Forest, Miss Patterson, of Newmarket, Mrs. H. W. Nelson, Miss Arksey, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. E. Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Janes and Miss Janes, Mr. J. L. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hamburger, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mackelcan, of Hamilton, Miss Hillary, Miss McCarroll, Mr. G. A. Burnham, Sig. Ramponi, Mr. W. R. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mr. W. Robins, Mrs. J. Little, Dr. Emory, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Flynn, Mr. J. B. Laidlaw, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. J. S. Martin, Mrs. Ross, Mr. S. F. Bachelder, Mr. A. M. Clamp, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ferguson, Mr. C. N. Candel, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Scadding, Mr. R. K. Sproule and party, Mr. H. Ryan and party, Miss Susie Ryan, Mrs. Arthur E. Fisher, Mr. L. Bolster and ladies.

The concert was a most enjoyable one, although the selections, as well as some of the artists, were somewhat ancient. Still, the selections sung were typical excerpts from the standard operas, and were what these people might be expected to sing. Campanini has been one of the great tenors who rank with Rubini, Mario and Brignoli, and his singing on Saturday evening showed the genuine artist in method, style and voice. His second, Sig. Baldini, was not so good, having some objectionable mannerisms, and rather bad ways of using a pretty little voice. Mme. Scalchi produced the same enthusiasm that attended her former appearances. Her grand contralto sounds almost like a baritone, and the wonder is that with such a ponderous voice there should be such extreme flexibility. Her encore selections were particularly happy, especially the drinking song from Lucrezia, which she sang with an abandon and "go" that carried the audience by storm. The other lady, Mme. Repetto, had a singularly sweet, though small voice which was a trifle worn, but used with consummate art. Galassi was great as usual and was received with storms of applause. But the greatest of all was the basso, Nannetti. A voice of great sonorousness, yet of delicate and caressing softness, and not in the slightest degree worn, delighted the audience. A similar victory was won by Signora Torricelli, whose violin playing was most charming and artistic.

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Frank Lincoln should not call himself "an alleged funny man," as some tired scribe might take him at his word some day and call him by that name, which he would be slow to shed thereafter. Not that he is not funny, for he is so, and probably no other man could go on for two hours keeping his audience laughing without tiring out their taste for that sort of thing. Still, when sketches are claimed to be original, it would be well to leave out Sol Smith Russell's oratorio skit and such well-worn songs as That Awful Little Scrub. The second evening's performance was somewhat better. Miss Clara E. Barnes, of Buffalo, is a very pleasing singer and was warmly applauded. The audiences were largely composed of Elm street church people, evidencing the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Blight, who had charge of the musical portion of the programmes.

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The Harmony Club will make a slight departure from its usual programme this year and will give a dramatic performance early in the season, to be followed by the usual operatic production later on. A well-attended meeting of the members was recently held and officers were elected for the approaching season. There were several changes made in the directorate of the club, which now stands as follows, provided the newly-appointed members accept office: President, Mr. Walter Townsend; vice-president, Capt. Gamble Geddes; committee, Messrs. Moffatt, Spratt, Hallowell, Michie, Foy, Hollyer and Armour; librarian, Mr. Andrews. The ladies' auxiliary committee consists of Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. C. Riordon, Miss Robinson, Miss Parsons, Miss M. Birchall, Miss Spratt. Hon. treasurer, Mr. George Dunstan; Hon. secretary, Mr. E. C. Rutherford. The musical director for 1888 has not yet been appointed, nor as yet has the opera been decided upon. It is not improbable, however, that Fantine—or, as it is better known in Toronto, Francis, the Blue-Stocking—will be selected. The treasurer's report for 1887 was presented and adopted, and had it not been for the fact that the club had to pay a royalty of $150 to D'Oyley Carte for the performance of Patience last year, the finances would have been in a flourishing condition. With regard to this royalty, it was not very encouraging to a club of amateurs, who have during the last three years of its existence, given away all their surplus funds to charitable institutions in Toronto, to have at the last moment to pay over $150 for the playing of an opera for the benefit of a public charity. However, there's a good time coming. The club will come to the front again, and when its next undertaking comes under the limelight's glare, it will no doubt enjoy the patronage of its many friends as of old.

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A very pleasant organ recital was given at the Church of St. George the Martyr on the evening of the 25th for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Association of that church. The inclement weather and the numerous counter-attractions kept many people away, but as it was, the church was fairly well filled. The three solos on the programme were taken by Mr. E. W. Schuch, Miss Robinson and Capt. Gamble Geddes. Miss Robinson sang Costa's sweetly pretty Weep Not, from Maaman. She was in excellent voice and sang with fervor and expression. There was a large turn out of members of the choir and the choral numbers were excellently given. Mr. Phillips' playing of the several purely instrumental numbers was most enjoyable, and, considering the wretched condition of the organ, remarkably good. It seems strange that an effort is not made to procure a decent organ for the church. Why not give a series of these organ recitals through the winter and devote the proceeds to an organ fund?

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Christine Nilsson's two passions are tapestry and fans. Most of the former she has picked up for herself and she has some rare and beautiful bits, but the fans are mostly gifts. One of them was given to her in St. Petersburg by a Russian prince, and is a copy of the famous fan of the Queen of Oude. It is white silk, embroidered with pearls and emeralds, the sticks of gold and ivory set with small rubies, and the monograms in diamonds. The Empress Eugenie gave her a fan that once belong to Mme. Dubarry, and was painted by Baucher, the wrought pearl sticks of which are studded with sky-blue turquoise. The Venetians gave her a fan of silver-filagree and the most exquisite of old Venetian point lace. An Indian prince, Thakore of Morvi, who heard her sing and saw her fans, added recently the most splendid and costly one in the whole collection in the shape of a gold-handed fan crusted with gems and made of the feathers of gorgeous East India birds.

NOTES.

Emma Abbott is having a successful season. Her repertoire consists of Ruy Blas, Carnival of Venice and La Fort Du Diable.

Mr. Richardson is playing the Organ at St. Luke's Church, pending the appointment of a permanent organist to succeed Mr. J. D. Lloyd, who has gone to fill a lucrative post in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ladies of the Orphans' Home will give a grand promenade concert in the Pavilion on Thursday evening next, when Miss Robinson, Capt. Geddes, and the University Glee Club, will assist the Citizens' band.

The merry canoeists are talking of forming a glee club and practising through the winter, so that their summer jaunts may be enlivened by good and well-prepared music. They should do this, as they have many fine voices among the boys and "music on the waters" is a very nice thing to listen to.

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The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

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FIRST HALF OF THE GREAT TWO PART STORY.

A LIFE'S BURDEN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADRIEN MARIE.

Few quite middle-aged persons may retain a faint recollection of a mild scandal connected with Lady Archdale's girlish days. Most of her old friends have, no doubt, long ago forgotten the circumstance, for it was nothing more sensational than a foolish love-affair between a romantic school-girl and a good-looking young drawing-master. The young man, Hamilton by name, was dismissed with all the ignominy that the old earl's furious indignation could devise. The Lady Blanche was subjected to the strictest surveillance for a long time because she seemed inclined to rebel against parental authority. But the episode ended as such tretrempes happily do, as a rule. The young man disappeared from the scene, and was never heard of any more, while Lady Blanche sobered down into a discreet young lady with a due regard to the exigencies of the high station which she adorned. She remained single for five years afterwards, refusing many advantageous offers; but at length she married Lord Archdale, a wealthy and influential peer and cabinet minister, considerably her senior in age.

It is very rarely the world underrates the importance of a scandal. The thinnest film of smoke is magnified into a raging conflagration, and the gullibility of society on the subject of their neighbors' weaknesses is proverbial. But it happened that there was considerably more in Lady Blanche's early love affair than was even suspected. The stately, handsome, and impassive lady who presided with such polished grace and dignity over the most fashionable salon in London, alone knew the length to which her romantic foolishness had carried her. Those who had the privilege of seeing Lady Archdale frequently were sometimes struck by the troubled and careworn expression which her face wore when in repose. Sharing to the full her distinguished husband's responsibilities and anxieties, it surprised no one that she should occasionally appear oppressed with care. The truth was, however, that Lady Archdale had a secret sorrow which had embittered her life for years. She was perpetually haunted by the recollection of a certain dismal autumn morning in the dim past on which she had escaped for an hour from her father's house to be married to Archibald Hamilton. It sometimes seemed almost like a dream; but it was a dream from which, alas! there was no awakening on this side of the grave, as the musty register of an obscure London church could testify.

"SHE TOOK POSSESSION OF ONE OF THE REVOLVERS."

What her life might have been had Providence willed that she should have figured before the world as Archibald Hamilton's wife it would be difficult to predict. Disowned by her proud parents and cold-shouldered by society, mated to a man without position or fortune, it is doubtful whether Lady Blanche would have risen to the occasion; she had never loved Archibald Hamilton with a love which was true and enduring and that proved that, in spite of her infatuation, she had detected blemishes in his character which became magnified in later years by her maturer judgment until they assumed ugly proportions. She recognized ere long that Hamilton was a vulgar adventurer, and this merciless reflection made her at times almost disposed to believe that events had turned out for the best. For from the moment she had parted from her husband at the church door on that far bygone morning, she had never set eyes upon him again, nor received the least clue to his whereabouts. Whether he was living or dead, she had been unable to obtain the smallest inkling.

And yet she had married Lord Archdale! This, be it remembered, was five years after Hamilton's disappearance; and five years is a long epoch in a young girl's life. During the interval she had convinced herself that her husband was dead. Her inquiries on the subject, it is true, had not been of a very exhaustive nature. She had neither the freedom of action nor the knowledge of the world necessary for the purpose. Two facts, however, had seemed to justify her belief. The first was that Hamilton had never once, from the moment that they parted, availed himself of the preconcerted channels of communication with her, while he had neglected to respond to the frequent appeals which she had from time to time made to him through the advertisement columns of the newspapers. The other fact which influenced her judgment was based upon worldly wisdom acquired since the days of their acquaintance. From experience and observation she realized that self-interest is a powerful factor in determining a man's course of action under given circumstances. If love would not have caused her husband to reveal himself, self-interest would. He had everything to gain and nothing to lose, from this point of view, by claiming her as his wife. His mysterious and unaccountable disappearance, therefore, seemed only cashable of one solution. After five years she had persuaded herself that no doubt of his death rested on her mind, and she had consequently accepted Lord Archdale's offer of marriage.

Of course she should have told her second husband everything. She knew this perfectly well, but pride and false shame had restrained her. The question in her mind was not whether she should make confession to Lord Archdale, but whether she should remain ostensibly single all her life. No living soul knew or suspected her secret, and she was determined never to reveal it. Having, after five long years of anxious deliberation, arrived at the conclusion that no obstacle to her marriage existed, she had felt justified in maintaining silence concerning this painful episode of the past. No considerations of a dry legal character occurred to her at the time, and all excuses that could be urged for her conduct may be summed up in the simple fact that she was but a girl of three-and-twenty.

It was not until after she became Lady Archdale, that she began to have misgivings, causing the dreadful fears and apprehensions which completely ruined her domestic happiness. Lord Archdale proved a devoted and lover-like husband, notwithstanding his political preoccupations. She bore him many children, on whose account it was, chiefly, that she shuddered to think of the past. Supposing Hamilton was not dead, what would be the position of these dear ones? Compared with this horrible reflection, the possibility of finding herself in the felon's dock upon a charge of bigamy hardly disconcerted her. The longer she lived the less extraordinary did Hamilton's disappearance seem and the more uncertain did she feel of her fate. When it was too late she realized that the inquiries she had made were by no means conclusive. Oftentimes she thought of employing some trusted agent to set definitely at rest the dreadful uncertainty. But when she reflected that the inquiries might result in the discovery of Hamilton and bring about the awful catastrophe which haunted her, she shrank from the experiment. For the same reason she dreaded to make atonement for her deceit by unburdening herself to her husband; and thus through years and years, surrounded by loving hearts and enjoying every appearance of the highest domestic and social felicity, the poor lady suffered dumb agony from her fatal secret.

Presentiments of evil are, no doubt, generally due to indigestion or some other physical disorder; but it is certain that a guilty conscience adds poignancy to gloomy forebodings. Lady Archdale was constantly troubled by the fear, almost amounting to conviction, that her sin would find her out, even though years rolled on and her sons and daughters grew up to be men and women. And, sure enough, the day at length arrived when the dreaded Nemesis overtook her. One evening the butler handed to her, in the drawing room, a letter in an unknown handwriting. She had no sooner opened it and glanced at the signature than she turned deadly pale and nearly fainted away. Her husband, accompanied by her eldest son, had gone down to the House, but three of her daughters were present, and one of them, noticing the poor mother's blanched cheeks, rushed to her side in alarm.

"It is nothing, my child," replied Lady Archdale, making a great effort to control herself, and rising from her seat. "the room is overheated. Robinson had better open one of the windows."

The solemn butler was duly summoned while Lady Archdale, moving across to the opposite sofa, soon resumed her habitual calmness. She held the letter tightly grasped in her hand, and when her daughters had resumed their occupations she quietly slipped away to her private apartments.

Here she carefully locked the door, and with feverish eagerness read the contents of the unwelcome missive. It ran thus:

"Crane's Temperance Hotel,
"Coventry Street.

"DEAR LADY BLANCHE—You have no doubt long ago forgotten me. I do not wish to interfere with you; but I am driven by want and suffering to ask for charity. For heaven's sake send me £50.

"Your penitent husband,
"ARCHIBALD HAMILTON.

"P.S.—Address your letter to Mr. Marshall. You will guess why I do not use my real name."

Lady Archdale did not give herself time to reflect over this startling communication. Even as she read she was seized with a desperate longing to rush from the house and to throw herself at the feet of this man and to plead for mercy. Her fate and the happiness of her children, her husband's honor, even depended upon his silence. Years of mental torment had reduced Lady Archdale to a state of abject moral cowardice. The only course which suggested itself to her was unconditional submission and an imploring appeal. The tone of the letter was conciliatory and apologetic; it filled her with a wild hope that Hamilton's mercy might be secured. This was sufficient to exclude from her mind all considerations of prudence, and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, she began hurriedly to array herself in her outdoor attire.

In the midst of her preparations she remembered that her absence from home at such an hour would, if discovered, cause alarm. She did not falter in her purpose, but she decided that she must, to a limited extent, make a confidant of her maid. The woman had been in her service for many years, and was thoroughly trustworthy. After a moment's hesitation, she rang for her.

"Parker," she said, when the woman appeared, "I have to go out for an hour, but nobody must know. You must lock yourself in this room, and not open the door to anyone till I return. If the young ladies come up you must say I am not to be disturbed. Whatever you do, you must not let anyone suspect my absence."

"Very well, my lady," answered the maid, who was much too well trained to evince surprise at the order.

"Of course, I rely upon you to hold your tongue," continued Lady Archdale.

"Certainly, my lady," replied the maid. "If your ladyship does not wish to be observed, it will be better to wear an opera cloak than a bonnet and shawl," she added in a matter-of-fact one, as her mistress moved towards the door. "You may meet some one going down, and you can carry the cloak on your arm."

Lady Archdale, whose outward calmness did not suggest the importance of her mission, silently adopted the suggestion, and then as quietly as possible descended the stairs. She had cause to be thankful for her maid's foresight, as, upon reaching the entrance hall, she found one of the men servants attending to the fire. She passed him with perfect composure and entered her husband's study. While moving restlessly about the room, waiting with impatience for an opportunity to escape, she suddenly caught sight of the case containing a pair of revolvers which Lord Archdale had recently purchased. The weapons, being loaded, were placed out of reach upon one of the higher shelves of a tall cabinet; but Lady Archdale, reflecting that she knew nothing of the house or the neighborhood she was going to, thought it might be as well to have the means of protecting herself. She therefore mounted the step-ladder, and took possession of one of the revolvers, though she was, in truth, much too worried in her mind to feel real anxiety about her personal safety. The next moment she was able to slip out of the library unobserved, and to gain the street. Here she hailed a passing hansom, and ordered the driver to take her to her destination.

Notwithstanding her apparent self-possession, Lady Archdale's brain was in a whirl of painful excitement, and she made no attempt to rehearse what she should say to Archibald Hamilton. The prospect of meeting him did not awake any particular emotion; she was not even conscious of resentment at his heartless conduct. The one absorbing thought which possessed her was to make terms with him; to induce him, if possible, to leave the country; above all, either by bribery or persuasion, to extort from him a solemn pledge to respect her secret, for the sake of her innocent husband and children, if not for her own.

Nevertheless, when she alighted at the door of the dingy lodging-house, which bore the inscription, "Crane's Temperance Hotel" upon the fanlight over the door, her desperate resolution seemed suddenly to desert her. For the first time she experienced a feeling of repugnance at coming face to face with the man who had so cruelly wronged her. But she had come too far to draw back now, even if she had been inclined to humor her passing weakness. She dismissed the cab, and drawing the hood of her cloak so as to conceal her face as much as possible, she entered the open door of the house.

"Is Mr. Marshall within?" inquired Lady Archdale of the dirty servant girl who responded to her summons.

"Yes. He is up in his room," said the girl, staring at the visitor.

"Go and tell him that the lady he wrote to wishes to speak to him."

The girl withdrew, leaving Lady Archdale standing in the hall. After a few moments' absence the girl called to her over the banisters.

"You can come up," she said.

Lady Archdale mounted the stairs, striving by clinching her teeth and biting her lips to conceal her nervousness and agitation. The girl led the way to a back room on the second floor, and motioned to her to enter. She found herself in a dingy and not over-clean apartment, half sitting-room, half bed-room. It was dimly lighted by a solitary candle, which was so placed that the features of the man who was standing in front of the fire-place could not be clearly discerned. She noticed at a glance, however, that in the interval since she had seen him, Hamilton had grown coarse and vulgar-looking. He wore a thick beard and moustache, and was very shabbily attired. It was evident that the change for the worse in him was not wholly attributable to misfortune, for the room reeked with the smell of raw spirits.

"Very glad to see you, your la'ship," said he, after a pause, which Lady Archdale at the moment attributed to laudable caution, in order that the servant might get out of earshot.

"I received your letter," she said as quietly as possible.

"Very glad to see your la'ship," repeated Hamilton after another pause which, this time, was obviously due to difficulty of utterance.

Lady Archdale instinctively moved a step backwards, painfully perceiving that the man was three parts intoxicated. All doubt upon the point was removed by his having suddenly to seize hold of the table to save himself from falling.

"AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN WAS DISCOVERED LYING DEAD UPON THE FLOOR."

"Let's sit down," he said, dropping heavily into a chair. "Take a seat, ma'am."

"Are you sure you know who I am, and can understand me?" said Lady Archdale, fear and disgust beginning to gain ascendency over other emotions.

"Yes, I know who you are. Of course I do," was the reply. "Why, you're my wife—my lady—my lawful, wedded wife, married at St. Mildred's Church, in the city, in the year 18—. Only this is o' that now," he added, slapping his knee, and laughing loudly.

"Hush! You will be overheard," exclaimed Lady Archdale in startled tones.

"All right, my lady. Don't you be 'frald. I'm your friend," he replied, staring stupidly at her. "You got my letter, didn't you?"

"What is your name?" demanded Lady Archdale, abruptly.

"Why, Archibald Hamilton, of course," he said, after hesitating perceptibly. "You're Mrs. H.," he added. "Very glad to see you; but I thought you'd write."

Lady Archdale's husband, the man who had once won her love, have sunk so low as this! Terrified and agitated as she was, a startling suspicion had gradually been forcing itself upon Lady Archdale's mind ever since the beginning of the interview. The man's hesitation in replying to her last question, coupled with the faint but neither voice nor manner recalled the least reminiscence of the Archibald Hamilton she had known, set her doubts at rest. With an impulsive movement she rose from her seat, passed round the table and seized the candle. The man started up with an oath, and as he did so the light fell upon his features.

"You are an impostor," cried Lady Archdale, half involuntarily.

"Leave the candle alone," roared the man so savagely that Lady Archdale hastened to place it on the table. "What's up now?"

"Nothing," said Lady Archdale, gathering her cloak around her, and repenting of her temerity. "I need not detain you further."

Unfortunately their recent movements had altered their relative positions, so that the man Marshall—whatever his name might be—barred the way to the door. His attitude was threatening, and it was evident that he was just sober enough to realize that he was found out, but too drunk to reason.

"Let me pass," said Lady Archdale.

"What for?" inquired the man, scowling.

"Let me go, or I will summon the police!" exclaimed Lady Archdale, so seriously alarmed that she instinctively put her hand to the revolver which she carried in her pocket.

It is doubtful whether the man's intentions were felonious. His drunken ideas may have been that Lady Archdale wished to leave for the purpose of giving him into custody. It was probably to prevent this that, upon her advancing, he gave a threatening step towards her.

"Stand off!" cried Lady Archdale, in desperation, producing the revolver. "Stand off, or I will fire!"

What happened at that moment Lady Archdale could never distinctly recall. The man rushed at her, no doubt to wrench the weapon from her, and seized her so fiercely by the wrist that she was forced to unclasp her fingers. In doing so he seemed to overbalance himself and staggered across the room, clutching wildly at the f riture. The next instant Lady Archdale was speeding down the stairs, just as a loud crash resounded through the house, denoting that the man had fallen heavily.

Recovering herself in the hall without meeting anybody, Lady Archdale fairly ran in her terror and consternation until she was forced to pause for want of breath. By that time she had reached the main thoroughfare, and the crowd and bustle recalled her to her senses. She procured a hansom and drove straight home, alighting a few doors from her house. Here fortune favored her, for upon noiselessly opening the hall door with a latch-key she found the hall deserted. She divested herself of her cloak and hurried upstairs to her room, which was opened to her by the faithful Parker, who had remained at her post.

"Nobody has been up here, my lady," said the maid, in answer to her questioning glance. "The young ladies have not left the drawing-room yet. Mind, my lady! Take my arm," added the woman quickly, as her mistress staggered.

She would have resented away if the maid had not come to her assistance. But by an effort she overcame her faintness, and, after drinking a glass of water, she dismissed the servant, saying she would ring for her later.

She wished to be alone, to realize what had happened. Now that she had reached home in safety, and unobserved, she was able to compare her position with a little. She was inclined to feel relieved that the person who had called himself Archibald Hamilton was only a vulgar impostor. But, upon consideration, she found little in her power by her much consolation. The man knew her secret. How he had learnt it was a detail. She had placed herself in his power by responding to his letter, and what the upshot would be she dared not divine. Practically speaking, almost as much at the mercy of this dissolute scoundrel as if he had really been the person he pretended to be.

Lady Archdale had naturally been very much frightened and unnerved by her adventure. Her disturbed state of mind helped to intensify her perplexity and alarm. All through the night she lay awake reviewing the situation, and seeking to decide how to act for the best. She had had a lesson in prudence, and if she had not irrevocably committed herself she feared doing so by further interference. Next day she was really ill; it was no pretence which kept her to her room, though she was glad to be alone with her distracting and harassing thoughts. But later on a remarkable change came over her, which was brought about by the following intelligence, which she read in an evening paper:

"SAD OCCURRENCE.—Last evening, between nine and ten o'clock, a heavy fall was heard in a room occupied by a visitor at a Temperance Hotel in Coventry Street. Upon the other inmates hurrying to the spot, an unfortunate gentleman, whose name is said to be Marshall, was discovered lying dead upon the floor, with a revolver clasped in his hand. He is supposed to have committed suicide."

II.

Lady Archdale, preoccupied with her painful reflections, read this paragraph twice over before she realized how nearly it concerned her. Her attention was first vaguely attracted by the locality of the occurrence. Then the name of Marshall caused her to start, and finally the hour and all the circumstances of the case completed the revelation. There could be no doubt of the identity of the victim of this dreadful tragedy. Like a flash of light the truth of the affair burst upon Lady Archdale's startled understanding. The concussion of the man's fall as she escaped from him had evidently caused the revolver to explode, and the fact of his holding it in his hand had naturally suggested suicide. Looking back, Lady Archdale even fancied that she recollected having heard, simultaneously with the crash of furniture, the sharp crack of a revolver-shot.

However this might have been, she felt no doubt of the correctness of her surmise. After the first feeling of horror and amazement had subsided, a sensation of grim satisfaction took possession of her. It seemed dreadful to exult over the death of a fellow-creature, especially under such shocking circumstances, yet Lady Archdale perceived that a dangerous enemy had been removed from her path, and it was impossible not to feel relieved and grateful. Might it not be the case that her secret would lie buried for ever with this poor wretch, who surely would not have ventured to personate Hamilton unless he had known him to be dead?

This sudden hopefulness had a wonderful effect upon Lady Archdale's indisposition. She was able to take her place at the dinner-table that evening, and, in spite of physical suffering, was in better spirits than she had been for a long time past. But when she found herself alone again a new and startling thought occurred to her. The revolver from which the fatal shot had been fired was the one she had taken from her husband's case. Till that moment, the fact of having left it behind her in Coventry Street had not caused her uneasiness. Other and more vital matters had absorbed her attention. But when she remembered that a coroner's inquest might take place she began to wonder whether inquiries would be made as to how the deceased became possessed of the weapon. If it bore the earl's crest or coronet there was no knowing what might result. Her husband's name would be dragged into the affair, and in the end her accursed secret would stand revealed.

Such a contingency was horrible to contemplate. Lady Archdale's apprehensions, however, were soon allayed. She paid another visit to her husband's study and was overjoyed to find that the duplicate of the missing weapon had no monogram, coat of arms or mark of ownership inscribed upon it. The worst she had to fear, therefore, was that her husband would discover his loss and make inquiries. On the other hand, it was possible that years, or at least months, would elapse before he opened the case. This reflection was a considerable easy in her mind, for, oddly enough, it never occurred to her that her visit to the deceased man on the evening of his death was likely to be commented on at the inquest. The newspapers all said it was supposed to be a case of suicide, and she did not imagine that any other suggestion would be made. If her thoughts reverted to her expedition, it was only to congratulate herself upon the precaution she had taken to avoid recognition by the servant at the house and her good luck in escaping without being observed by any one else.

Two days later, however, she was destined to receive a shock which completely opened her eyes to the significance of this neglected episode. She was seated in the morning-room with her daughters, busily engaged in revising a list of guests to be invited to an approaching ball, when a message was brought from her husband requesting her to descend to his study. There was nothing unusual in the summons, for the earl was accustomed to seek her advice and opinion at all hours of the day. She descended, therefore, to the study without the slightest misgiving—indeed, at the moment she was mentally considering whether or not an invitation should be sent to a certain rising politician, who, though personally obnoxious, could not with safety be neglected. But she had no sooner entered the room than she started and turned pale; for upon the table in front of her husband was the revolver case, open, revealing its empty compartment, while seated stiffly upon a chair against the wall was a keen-looking individual whose appearance was eminently suggestive of Scotland Yard.

"This is Lady Archdale," said the earl, as she entered, while the stranger rose respectfully. "My dear," added her husband, looking up with a startled and troubled expression, "this is a police inspector."

"Sorry to trouble your ladyship," said the inspector briskly.

"What is the matter?" inquired Lady Archdale, in a voice which she hardly recognised as her own.

"Mysterious affair, my lady," explained the inspector in jerky, official accents. "Man discovered shot in Temperance Hotel, Coventry street, Tuesday evening. Revolver first-class weapon: make inquiries of maker, traced it as belonging to his lordship."

"It is the fellow to this," interposed the earl, pointing in wonderment to the case before him.

"I read of the incident in the paper," said Lady Archdale with desperate calmness. "It was a suicide."

"Suspicious circumstances, my lady," said the inspector. "Deceased visited by female immediately before the occurrence—female in opera cloak."

"Ah! that reminds me. I must tell Robinson to bring down all the opera cloaks in the house—yours and the girls'," said the earl.

"I will go and fetch them," interposed Lady Archdale hastily, as her husband put his hand upon the bell.

Before the earl could protest, Lady Archdale had turned and left the room. She could not have remained a moment longer. The shock of surprise and terror had almost stunned her. In the hall outside she stood still for a moment gasping for breath, with her hand pressed against her heart. Then, with a tremendous effort at self-control, she slowly mounted the stairs to her room.

It was an extraordinary thing that, at this supreme moment, when the discovery of her life's secret seemed imminent, Lady Archdale felt incapable of doing anything to meet the blow. Fate seemed to have laid its finger upon her with such mesmeric force that her brain was benumbed. She moved like a person in a trance, as though bereft of all power of will. She went straight to her wardrobe, and took down from the pegs the three opera cloaks which belonged to her. She knew, alas! that it would be vain to increase the collection by fetching those of her daughters. Among her own was the one she had worn on that night. She made no attempt to conceal it; but threw it over her arm with the others. As she left the room she caught a glimpse of her pale face in the

"'YOU ARE AN IMPOSTER!' CRIED LADY ARCHDALE."

mirror. That alone, she thought, was sufficient to condemn her. But she neither paused nor faltered. Without being absent a moment longer than was necessary she returned to the study and laid the cloaks silently upon a chair.

The inspector pounced upon them instantly. Two he discarded without looking at them; his attention was at once riveted on the third—the right one! He seized it, and held it up at arm's-length.

"This is the article," he said with evident delight. "Andsome black cloak, silver clasp; 'ood lined with red satin. That's it, my lord," he added, looking triumphantly at the earl.

"Most extraordinary!" ejaculated Lord Archdale, leaning back in his chair with a look of consternation.

"Now, my lady," said the inspector, addressing Lady Archdale before she could speak, and producing a pocket-book with an important air, "have you a servant in the house named Emma Shaw?"

"What is the meaning of this?" faltered Lady Archdale.

"I will tell you presently, my dear," interposed her husband, evidently keenly excited. "Emma Shaw. Do you know the name?"

"I think there is no one of that name," said Lady Archdale, reviving a little in her surprise at the question.

"I don't suppose you know all the servants' names, my love. We had better ring for the housekeeper," suggested Lord Archdale.

"Pardon me, my lord. Let me go down into the servants' all first and I will see the housekeeper afterwards," said the inspector.

"As you please," said the earl.

The inspector disappeared, leaving husband and wife alone. Lady Archdale sank wearily into a chair, while the earl rose and commenced searching among the newspapers in the paper-rack. This simple act of Lord Archdale's affords an instance of what trifles will influence a person's destiny. Had he remained in his place his unhappy wife would not have kept silence. She must have confessed everything—her visit to the deceased man and the object of it. She dared not have faced him at that instant and acted a lie. But while his back was turned this healthy impulse suddenly evaporated. Her moral cowardice, which had attained such mastery over her after years of oppression, again asserted itself. It made her maintain a rigid reserve and instinctively resolve to let her sin be dragged to light by others.

Lord Archdale confronted her presently with the paper he had been looking for in his hand.

"Here it is," he exclaimed, and he proceeded to read an account of the affair substantially the same as that which Lady Archdale had already seen. "On the face of it, it certainly looks like suicide," he commented when he had finished. "But the police have another theory."

"What theory?"

"Why, of course—murder!"

"Murder!" exclaimed Lady Archdale, aghast.

"Yes. The inspector below is reticent; but I gather his belief is that the man was shot by the woman who visited him just before the event occurred."

"But—but the man had the weapon in his hand," suggested Lady Archdale, speaking in a low, tremulous voice.

"So it says here. But suppose the woman put it there! I have heard of such a thing," said the earl, too much agitated himself to be keenly observant of his wife.

"It is absurd—ridiculous!" exclaimed Lady Archdale, almost fiercely. "It seems a far-fetched idea," she added, checking her vehemence.

"The most extraordinary part of the affair is that the deed was done with one of my revolvers," resumed the earl. "How came it there? And your cloak, too! It appears the servant girl at the lodging-house described exactly that cloak of yours, lined with red satin, as having been worn by the woman."

"The cloak is a common pattern," Lady Archdale said in desperation.

"I can swear to the revolver, at any rate," said the earl in a tone of conviction.

Lord Archdale thus argued out the matter with his wife without the slightest suspicion of the agony of mind he was causing her. The poor lady's unspeakable dismay and consternation proved safeguards, for her terrified silence passed for quiet composure.

"Do the police suspect any one in the house?" she ventured to ask, after a pause.

"Naturally."

"Whom?"

"One of the servants. It is pretty evident that one of them took my revolver, and probably borrowed your cloak. Why a servant of ours should go and shoot a man in Coventry street, with so little regard to the possibility of detection, is a perfect mystery. The girl must be mad."

"The inspector is wrong," said Lady Archdale, abruptly; "There is no such person as Emma Shaw in the house."

"We shall soon see," said the earl, looking puzzled.

Almost as Lord Archdale spoke, the door opened, and the inspector made his appearance. He looked radiant with satisfaction. Carefully closing the door behind him, he advanced, pocket-book in hand.

"I've seen the servants, my lord, and also the housekeeper. The servants are all accounted for except two," he said.

"Which are they?" inquired the earl, while Lady Archdale awaited the answer with a kind of fictitious curiosity.

"An under-housemaid, who was out that evening with her sweetheart. I can soon verify her story," said the inspector, pausing to make a note with a stump of lead pencil.

"Well! And the other?" inquired the earl.

"Your ladyship's maid."

"Parker!" exclaimed Lord and Lady Archdale in a breath.

"Yes. Parker, I believe she calls herself. She is not in the house," said the inspector.

The earl looked up at his wife.

"She has gone out for a holiday to-day," said Lady Archdale.

"Special?" inquired the inspector.

"I don't know what you mean by that. She asked permission several days ago," said Lady Archdale. "She will be back this evening. But you surely cannot suspect her! Her name is not Shaw. It is Emily Parker."

"She has been in my lady's service nearly twenty years," added the earl, indignantly. "She is a most respectable woman. Her name is no more Shaw than mine is."

"Well, my lord, I should like to see her," said the inspector, evidently convinced by this testimony. "I gathered some important facts down below."

"What are they?" asked the earl.

The inspector again referred to his pocket-book.

"To begin with," he said "this woman Parker, was late for her supper on Tuesday night. She did not come downstairs until ten minutes past ten o'clock.

"She was in my room," interposed Lady Archdale.

"Next," resumed the inspector, either not hearing or not heeding the remark, "the cook was cooling herself on the area steps just as the clock struck ten, and she saw a female, whom she at first mistook for your ladyship, let herself in at the front door. But on Parker coming down a few minutes later, she admitted that it was she that the cook had seen. She said she had run out to post a letter."

"For you, my dear?" inquired the earl, addressing his wife, and evidently deeply impressed.

"Possibly. At the moment I don't remember," said Lady Archdale, faintly.

"What time did the poor fellow die?"

"As near as possible half-past nine. She could have got back in the interval."

The earl nodded. "It is a most singular coincidence," he remarked.

"Very singular," said the inspector, emphatically. "It is still more singular that she was wearing a cloak with a hood—like an opera cloak. That is why the cook mistook her for your ladyship."

The earl plunged his hands into his coat-pockets and began to pace about the room, as was his habit when agitated or perplexed.

"You see, my lord, it is necessary that I should have an interview with the woman," said the inspector, putting up his pocket-book. "Does your ladyship know what time she will be back?" he added.

"I suppose about ten o'clock," answered Lady Archdale without looking up.

"There is one question I want to ask you," said the earl, pausing in his walk. "Supposing your name is Shaw, and that it was a case of murder, what was the motive?"

"If you will ask me that when I've seen the party, my lord, I may be at liberty to answer," said the inspector; "at present I must ask to be excused. I think," he added, moving towards the door, "I may venture to leave for an hour or two, and will call again this evening to see the young woman."

"I am certain you are wrong, and that Parker is not guilty," said Lady Archdale, looking almost defiantly at the inspector.

The officer smiled in a superior manner, but contented himself with this tacit intimation of his opinion. As he left the room the chimes of the clock in the hall attracted the earl's attention, and made him look at his watch.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed with a start. "I am to speak this afternoon, and shall be late. This is a startling affair, my love; but don't let it affect you," he added, apparently struck for the first time by his wife's demeanor. "Even if it should turn out to be Parker who called upon the deceased man that night, it doesn't follow that she killed him."

"I am certain that she had nothing whatever to do with it," exlaimed Lady Archdale, hysterically.

"The carriage has been waiting an hour, my lord," interposed the butler at this juncture.

"There, there, my dear!" said the earl, after motioning to the man to leave; "calm yourself! It is, of course, rather an upset for you—for both of us, in fact. But the inspector may, as you said just now, be quite wrong. The police are not infallible, we know."

With a laugh, meant to reassure her, and a kindly pat on the shoulder, Lord Archdale kissed his wife's pallid cheek, and then departed to attend to his senatorial duties.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Game of Hearts.

This rose, poor little crumpled flower!
Was one of Ethel's hearts, we know.
To-night it nodded from her waist.
Alas, a triumph quickly o'er!
Just now I found it on the floor,
Dethroned, disgraced.

Just where these chairs, so close together
Under the stairs, leave no doubt whether
Or not they came so by design—
One chair was Ethel's—ah, how fair
She looks to-night! The other chair
Was—well, not mine.

But, as for roses, she has yet
So many she would soon forget
If one rose fell—
And, there's a game called "hearts," they say,
Whose point is throwing hearts away—
She plays it well!

Hints for Housekeepers.

Never use for cake milk that has been boiled.

Keep salt in a dry place and cheese in a tin box.

Baked codfish stuffed with oysters is a dish in high favor.

Matches should always be kept in a stone or earthen jar, or in tin.

Common cheese cloth makes an excellent strainer for acid fruits.

Eating onions and horseradish is claimed to relieve dropsical swellings.

A paste of plaster of paris and water will fasten on the brass cover to an inkstand.

Green peas are greatly improved in flavor by the addition of a little granulated sugar.

A cloth wrung out of cold water and wound around the neck is a sure cure for a sore throat.

It is claimed by some housewives that a little kerosene added to boiled starch will impart a nice gloss.

Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine. It will give relief almost instantly.

Some thistle-eater in the East rises to say that he knows from experience that sweet potatoes are good for rheumatism.

Lime water is good for chilblains. Use strong and hot. A saturated solution of alum in water, used hot, is also a curative.

To remove machine oil from cotton goods rub the spots with hard soap and soft water as soon as they are observed, and they can be easily taken out.

Carrots, to be enjoyed, should never be served with white sauce. Cut them in four lengthwise, baste them with nice butter, and season with pepper and salt.

If any poison be swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it.

Apples eaten with salt is an affectation of a great many young women at this time who are classified as "schoolgirls," and who prove there is no accounting for taste.

It is very probable, says a well-known writer, that the names bestowed upon French dishes all had some tradition or historical association attached in the first instance.

Before using new earthenware place in a boiler with cold water, and heat gradually till it boils; then let remain until the water is cold. It will not be liable to crack if treated in this manner.

If you have pictures hanging against an outer wall protect them from any possible damp by covering the backs with sheet lead, or else keep them from contact with the wall by corks fastened to the lower ends of the frames.

An excellent salve for bruises is the following: Take the leaves of catnip and bruise with salt pork in a mortar, or with a rolling-pin. If applied to flesh wounds and bruises of any kind it will at once allay the inflammation.

Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound; bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it. Lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar, and boil the table linen.

Amber soup is a favorite with many housekeepers. To make it, take one soup bone—two or three pounds—a small slice of ham, one chicken, one onion, half a small carrot, half a parsnip, a stick of celery or a teaspoonful of celery essence, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one even one of pepper, four cloves, two tablespoonfuls of butter, whites and shells of two eggs; brown the beef bone or two pounds of lean beef in the butter; brown the onion, and then stick the cloves in it. Put over all the ingredients one gallon of cold water, boiling slowly for four hours. Take out the chicken when tender, which will need from one hour to two, according to age. Strain the soup into a jar and leave over night. Next day remove the cake of fat from the top, take out the soup, which will probably be a jelly, avoiding the settlings; beat the whites of the eggs and the broken shells with a spoonful of water, and mix in. Bring all just to boiling point, skim off all the egg from the top, without stirring the soup itself, and strain through a jelly bag. It can then be re-heated before serving. If more color is desired, brown one tablespoonful of sugar in a small saucepan, and when bright brown add half a cup of water and let boil a moment, then strain into the soup.

Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) will spend most of the winter in Boston.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has for many years edited a department in the Domestic Monthly.

The Queen of Roumania has just completed a novel the scene of which is laid among the ancient Dacians.

The number of women who walk for exercise regularly in New York is said to be increasing so fast that the doctors begin to complain.

A woman's gymnasium and a free cooking class for girls are among the good things maintained by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Buffalo, N. Y.

The eternal fitness of things is illustrated in the recent marriage of Professor Halloway and Miss Smith, of Council Bluffs. Both are deaf, but she can talk.

Adelina Patti has a small silver basin and a big white sponge, which is set on the outside of the bedroom window to catch dew. It is with this Heaven-distilled water that the diva bathes her eyes and face.

Mrs. Cleveland is reported as saying that she would never sit for a photograph again while she remained mistress of the White House. Some of the prints used as tobacco signs are said to be the cause of her taking this resolution.

A Bushnell (Ill.) old lady had worn colored hose, and concluded that mortification had commenced, and in fear sent in great haste for the doctor. He humored her whim, but finally induced her to wash her feet. She got well immediately.

Mrs. Craik was prompted to write her last book An Unknown Country, which discusses the condition of the poor in the North of Ireland, by overhearing the remark of a laboring man, who, when rallied upon helping a little girl across the street, replied, "Ay, but a 'anful of 'elp is worth a cartload o' pity."

Senorita Matilda Montoya is the first Mexican girl to become a doctor. A committee of young men of the City of Mexico got up a bull-fight in her honor, and devoted the proceeds to the purchase of books and instruments for her. A country that is civilized enough to have women doctors ought to abandon bull-fights.

It is asserted that it is not unusual for women who frequently go back and forth between Canada and the United States along the border of the Ontario peninsula to wear a smuggling bag. This contrivance is suspended from the waist, reaches within a few inches of the hem of the skirt and will hold almost as much as a furniture van.

Dress reform is receiving attention in Scandinavia. Models of dresses were shown at the Swedish Art Exhibition by a Stockholm society, which also offered a prize for the best hygienic boot. Nine shoemakers competed. All the doctors in Sweden have been asked for their support, and several publications are enlisted in the reform.

There is much shrewdness in Colonel Higginson's remark that the few women who still heartily uphold the theory of women's rightful subjection may usually be divided into two classes. Either they are young girls who know life only through novels, or they are matrons of the most determined character, who rule their husbands with a rod of iron.

Mme. Boucicault, the great Parisian shopkeeper, deserves the cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honor which has been bestowed upon her. She has given about $1,000,000 to her employes as a pension fund for the sick and superannuated, besides splendid library and reading-room funds, and she gives them all shares in the profits of her business. In her native town she has built a $200,000 bridge across the Saone, to give the people a more direct road to market, and she has distributed more than $1,500,000 to relieve the sufferers from the phylloxera plague. Yet she is not considered competent to vote, or to be a witness to a legal document, or to serve as guardian to any child not her own direct descendant. France ought to revise its antiquated legislation relating to women.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox has been writing on the use and abuse of cosmetics. She says: "The majority of women wash their faces too frequently. There is no fabric which would not become dingy, discolored and roughened if soaked in water half a dozen times during the day and then exposed to the cold of winter or the heat of summer. Just so it is with the human skin. Dust or soil is quite as readily removed from the face by a fragrant cold cream or, better still, an application of delicious almond meal. Some years ago I gained knowledge of this wonderful and simple toilet accessory. Since then I have sung its praises to many ladies, and I do not hesitate to say that I have seen marvels resulting from its use. Any lady can procure and crush the common almonds into a pulpy meal for her own purposes, or any druggist can prepare them. The face should be moistened with water, and a thimbleful of the meal rubbed thoroughly into the pores. It leaves the skin as soft as velvet, with a fine, imperceptible and fragrant oil, which is the best wrinkle preventive in the world. It leaves the face kissable and sweet, too, and not in the least greasy. Any man who has ever detected a suspicion of toilet soap about the perfume of his wife's cheek, I am sure would find the almond odor far more pleasing."

What We Should Not Say.

"Stopping," for staying, as "He is stopping with us," for "He is staying with us."

"Right away," for immediately. "Come right away" should be "Come at once," or immediately.

"Some," for about or probably. "It is some five miles to town" should be "It is about five miles," etc.

"Nice," for pretty, good, etc. "That is nice," "He is a nice boy," "Isn't she nice?" etc. Something nice is delicate, exact, as a nice point in a discussion.

"Try and come," "Do write," etc., for try to come, to do so, to write, etc. "I shall try and come to see you soon" should be "I shall try to come," etc.

"Posted," for informed, as "He is not posted on that matter." "Post him on the subject." Post means to put up a sign or drop a letter in the postoffice.

"Guess," for suppose or think. "I guess this is right" should be "I think," etc. Guess means to hit at random, as "I can't guess how many cents you have."

"Party," for person. Party is a gathering of people, not an individual. "Who is that party?" when one is meant, should be "Who is that person or individual?"

"Funny," for odd, strange, as "It seems very funny to me that he does not come" should be "It seems very strange," etc. Funny is something amusing, full of fun.

Passionate Literature.

Amelia Rives' story, Arnon, in the November number of Harper's Magazine, is a beautiful piece of oriental work, perfumed with roses, bordered with lilies and impassioned with the warm breath of an etherealy beautiful maiden, whose blood, as she gazed into the eyes of her lover, flew to her face and neck; and, in the language of the writer, the white dove which she held against her bosom looked like a sail against the morning sky when the east is rosy. The story burns with the deepest passion—a passion which would be out of place in a society novel, and which, to enjoy its glowing and moist-eyed propriety, must seek an extremely oriental field. Miss Rives is only twenty-three years old, but so able is she in her blushing bosom delineations that Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, the poetess, should pick her flints that she may strike more fire. The literature of man is turning to science and the quiet chimney-corner of realism, but the fiction of woman is growing more and more passionate. When we see those blushes that burn modesty in a roaring furnace of seven-times heated passion, we must shut our eyes upon the sensational and admire the art. We must not contemplate the nudity of a statue, but must worship its trueness to life. Just how we can discover its trueness without contemplating its nudity, we have not discovered, nor do we intend to settle down into a perplexing analysis. Go ahead, young ladies—go ahead and show the world how warm your hearts are. Warm your ink and write with a pen heated in the flame of an oriental lamp.—*Opie P. Read.*

The Lass o' Lowrie's Doesn't Smoke.

A silly story is going the rounds of the press to the effect that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the authoress, has become addicted to the vice of cigarette smoking. The author of the rare ought to be prosecuted for slander. Mrs. Burnett is a true English-American woman, and her brain has never been clouded by the fumes of tobacco in any shape. A few women smoke cigarettes, but they, like the average small boy, are in ignorance of the pernicious effects of it. They use the tobacco and paper adulterations through the mistaken idea that by so doing they not only kill but soothe their nerves. Many of the sex use beer for similiar reasons. The author of That Lass o' Lowrie's is so old fashioned and staid as to be almost puritanical, and in this wide world there is not a greater advocate of all that is good and true. Her early training in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee had a great deal to do with moulding her future, and cigarette smoking was not a part or parcel of her training. Mrs. Burnett is a womanly woman.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Scientific Scraps.

White pepper frequently has undergone a process of bleaching by chlorine, which improves its color but deteriorates the quality.

Dr. Buisson of Paris claims to cure hydrophobia by hot baths often repeated. He makes the patient remain continually in a hot room, and the baths are made as hot as 142°.

Edison sends up from Llewellyn Park every night a small balloon held by a wire. The balloon bears an electric light, which at the height of 4,000 feet or so it is impossible to distinguish from a star.

Paint is found better than calcimine or white-wash upon the walls of a kitchen, since the steam from the washing and cooking has less effect upon it, and also because it can be more readily cleaned. Before painting the wall needs to be washed with soapsuds, then covered with a coat of dissolved glue, which must be allowed to dry thoroughly before the paint is applied, the work being well done and quickly with a broad, flat brush.

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The PARIS HAIR WORKS is the place to go to.

BANGS, WAVES, WIGS, SWITCHES, &c., &c.

Everything in the latest and most improved styles. Fine lines in Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, &c., in real Amber, Garnet, Ivory, Jet, Shell, Rhinestone, &c. Choice designs in Ostrich Feather Fans, new and neat. Just opening our Christmas Stock of English, French, German and American Fancy Goods.

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Is now showing a full line of

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Prices much below down-town houses. Quality just as good.

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AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF

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Will shortly remove to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

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OFFICE OF

R. Walker & Sons

33 to 37 King Street East, and Colborne Street.

TORONTO, Nov. 24th, 1887.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP SALE

FOR SIXTY DAYS.

The firm of Messrs. R. Walker & Sons, Toronto and London, being about to dissolve partnership, by the retiring of some of the partners, and as they require about

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

to settle up with the retiring ones, they now decide to offer the whole stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MILLINERY, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, AND MANTLES

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NEARLY $400,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, MILLINERY, MANTLES, CARPETS AND CURTAINS.

All at Wholesale Prices, and a Present made you of One Dollar out of every Ten Dollars you spend. Come early and secure first choice of the stock.

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Dundas Street, LONDON.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto,

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I.] TORONTO, DEC. 3, 1887. [NO. 1

Salutatory.

The publishers of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT present their first number to the reading public, feeling assured that their venture will be a success. While newspapers have multiplied in Toronto and throughout the whole of Canada there is no competitor to contest the field with SATURDAY NIGHT. The *Canadian Illustrated News*, published some years ago in Montreal, failed because of its lack of excellence, but we feel confident that a really good pictorial paper cannot but succeed if its scope is wide enough to meet the tastes of the general public. In order to enlarge our constituency SATURDAY NIGHT will not only present illustrations as its leading feature, but will supply departments of social and family reading which cannot fail to amuse and instruct.

Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, lately the proprietor of *The News*, who is to be the manager of the Sheppard Publishing Company and editor of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, as is well known, only returned this week from Montreal, after effecting a settlement of the long-protracted litigation with the 65th Regiment. He has been unable, consequently, to the great disappointment of the publishers, to devote any attention to this first issue. After this week his friends, and the thousands who for years have been reading the productions of his pen, will find in the editorial columns of this paper, and in the sketches and departments, the best and greatest amount of work he is capable of producing. It is the intention of the publishers to make the editorial columns of SATURDAY NIGHT the most piquant and entertaining of any Canadian paper, and they have engaged a large *corps* of contributors whose occasional work will aggregate every week a great deal of the best thought of the best minds in the Dominion.

It is not the intention to make THE SATURDAY NIGHT at all a political paper, but it will have its remarks to make about politics and politicians, and in a breezy yet thoughtful way will point out the follies and foibles of those who assume so much and do so little.

In the Departments, for which careful and well-informed editors have been engaged, social affairs those of the musical, dramatic, commercial and sport-seeking circles will be discussed. And the Students will not be neglected, as it is the aim of the editor of their department to make it really representative of their best ambitions, amusements and even hilarities, thoroughly remembering that we were boys once ourselves.

But it is not the intention of THE SATURDAY NIGHT to speak evil of anyone, and the publishers and editors desire that nothing shall appear in these columns which will alienate a friend or cause either anger or pain. To be good-natured will be the chief aim of this journal, now and then perhaps pointing out or smiling at the weaknesses which mark the human race, but avoiding always anything that is scurrilous or improper. The journey of life is naturally over many rough places, and those are not friends of society who add to the ruggedness of the road or increase the disquiet and turmoil, which, under the best circumstances, cloud so much of heaven's brightness and obscure so constantly the sunshine of good-fellowship and neighborly kindness.

SATURDAY NIGHT, while devoting itself largely to literature, will be essentially a paper of to-day, dealing with current topics, and should not be looked upon in any sense as simply "a story paper," though novels, illustrated sketches and stories will form one of its many features. A correspondents' column will be established, and it is to be hoped that in it will be found a reflex of public opinion on the questions of the hour.

The advertisements too are to be limited in space, and will be clean. No quacks or "before taking" and "after taking" illustrations will ever appear in its columns, as the public to which we appeal, are doubtless tired of having all the ills of life and the symptoms of every disease that flesh is heir to continually paraded before them.

If our aims are high it will be found that our efforts will be great, and though feeling that this initial number, with all the imperfections of a new publication, is by no means a fair sample of what our SATURDAY NIGHT will be we are confident it will prove a welcome visitor in thousands of homes.

Respectfully Yours,

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Toronto Press Club.

The Toronto Press Club will shortly move into new quarters on Bay street. A handsome building has been secured, and no reasonable expense will be spared in fitting up the rooms, so that they will compare favorably with the apartments of any social club in the city. It is likely that a portion of the building will be sub-let to the Canadian Press Association, that body being desirous of securing handsome and convenient headquarters, and the club having more room than it actually requires.

It is to be hoped that when the club is comfortably settled the newspaper writers of Toronto will rally round it, give it their hearty support and make it what it should be—a permanent institution for the benefit of all newspaper workers. It should be a common camping ground for them; a place where the proprietor of a paper and its humblest reporter can meet on a level; where the men who make their living by their pens can become better acquainted with one another and learn to understand and appreciate the characteristics and motives of their co-workers. It is a regretable fact that heretofore a few members of the club have borne the lion's share of the expenses, while the cordial fellow-feeling that should animate the breasts of Toronto's small army of newspaper writers has not been developed and encouraged as it might, and, indeed, has been confined to those few who have taken an interest in the club and kept it on its legs. The Toronto Press Club should be all that its name implies—a tangible benefit to all who work for the press. It has many wrongs to redress and many abuses to abolish; it has work to do in helping along young members of the fraternity. Its field is wide and unplowed, the soil is fruitful, and there is no reason why the harvest should not be great.

When the club gets into its new quarters active committees will be appointed to look after the business details. Handsome reading and reception rooms are being fitted up, and the leading magazines and daily and weekly papers will be kept on file for the convenience of members. Every newspaper worker in Toronto should belong to the Toronto Press Club, and do what lies within his power to extend its prestige and usefulness. In the club press men should stand upon a common ground, to better themselves and raise the tone and methods of Canadian journalism.

In The West End.

The new Victoria Skating and Curling Association is going rapidly ahead with its work of providing suitable curling, skating and social headquarters for the people of the west end. The provisional directors of the new concern met recently in the cottage on the grounds, which are on Huron street between Russell and and Willcox streets, and are most conveniently situated for all residents of Toronto living west of Yonge street, the College street and Spadina avenue cars being easily accessable. The cottage on the grounds is being comfortably fitted up to be used as temporary club and dressing rooms, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring, work will be commenced on the handsome club buildings it is proposed to erect. Mr. Norman Dick, who was the architect for the Granite Rink, is preparing the plans.

The provisional directors and officers have been appointed. The board consists of James Lockhart, chairman, and Messrs. Dwight, Cosby, Harton Walker, Frank Cayley, Joseph Simpson, W. B. McMurrich, McGaw, Russell, McCracken, Beverley Jones, Millichamp, and Wilson, with Mr. Gamble Geddes as secretary and treasurer.

These gentlemen are all taking a great interest in the scheme, and intend to make the club a comfortable and attractive resort. In the winter the principal features will be skating, curling and hockey, and in the summer tennis, bowling-on-the-green and archery will be kept up for those members who remain in town. The Toronto Curling Club, the oldest club in Ontario, will go over to the new concern bag and baggage, and for the present season will conduct the curling matches played under the wing of the Victoria Club. The Torontos number in their ranks some of the oldest and best curlers in the Dominion, and with the renewed vitality which the new organization will give them, they will no doubt make a particularly good showing of themselves this season.

A very decided impetus will also be given to skating, the interest in which has rather fallen off of late years, in this part of Canada at any rate. The skating club will have a separate committee of management, and it is intended to bring this fine old winter pastime into play again, by introducing quadrilles, lancers, waltzes and combined figure skating, having good music and plenty of it, such as they have in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec. Numerous carnivals will probably be given, and other efforts made to bring this pleasant and healthy exercise more prominently to the fore than it ever has been here. There will be a comfortable room where ladies can get a cup of tea or coffee in the afternoon, and all the privileges of a social club will be offered to the men—such as a billiard room, whist room, reading room, etc.

There will be strong committees elected for tennis and bowls after the first general meeting of the shareholders, and these sports will be well looked after. The whist club will be conducted by a separate committee, and most of the old whist-players in the west end have signified their intention of joining.

Altogether the club starts out under the most favorable auspices, and with every prospect of success. Such a resort has long been needed by west-enders, and will prove an undeniable boon. The charter of the association was presented to the members at the last meeting, and the name will be The Victoria Curling and Skating Association of Toronto, limited.

If You Please.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT desire to make its columns and departments represent not alone doings in Toronto, but in the whole Dominion. To that end the editors will be glad to receive regular contributions from reliable correspondents, whose identity, of course, need not be revealed.

Nothing scurrilous, offensive or "sensational" is wanted. The pages of SATURDAY NIGHT will be kept clean, though vigorous and bright.

A Diabolical Nuisance.

It may be necessary in the interests of mariners to keep the fog-horn wailing on foggy nights, but it is that kind of necessity that the late Mr. De Mantelini would have referred to as a dem'd diabolical nuisance; and it seems a pity that some signaling method can not be adopted that will warn the hardy mariner without keeping every human being within a radius of five miles wide awake, until exhausted nature renders it a physical impossibility for wakefulness any longer, and a restless sleep, broken by hoarse, demoniac cries, succeeds the vigil.

This may seem like an exaggeration, but it is a large and lustrous truth. Early in the evening the hoarse howling of the horn is not particularly noticeable. You don't heed it because you don't mind it. When you get ready for bed the fog-horn reminds you that it is still there, but your impression of the fact is fleeting. By-and-by you get in bed, smoke your night-cap cigarette, read for half an hour or so, then turn your gas out, curl yourself upon one side, and prepare to slumber.

Gradually the world slips away from you. You have a hazy impression that you still exist, but you are not very sure about it, and you don't much care. A vagrant vision of loveliness floats up to you through a mist of vague shadows. She grasps your hand, and together you are wandering off to a land of sunshine and flowers, birds and brooklets, when—

E-hoooooooo-oooh-oooh-oo-oo!

You wake up with a start. The braying of that asinine horn, with its rising and falling cadenzas, is still ringing and echoing in the white, impalpable mist, that blots out everything from mortal sight but your tailor's bill. You yearn for the vague vision to come back to you, but she has disappeared. You turn over on your other side, nudge the pillows a little, and wonder how business will be to-morrow, and once again prepare to row down the river of sleep.

But you don't row.

Before you get a chance to unmoor your boat, a terrible sound breaks through the mystic stillness of the night. You observe that the writer refrains from spelling that mystic stillness mistic stillness. The sound starts in a small way, but it grows. Just when it gets big enough to hit, it explodes and breaks up into four or five hoarse, brazen gasps, as if it were catching its breath for a fresh bellow. By this time you are annoyed. You look sternly in front of you and say things which, if overheard, would ruin your reputation in a church. You are now very much awake, and the worst of it is you have lost that sleepy feeling you had when you turned the gas out. You twist yourself around uncomfortably, pull the clothes out of position, and by some perfectly inexplicable gymnastic proceeding knock your pillows on the floor. You mutter savagely about various things as you grope about for them, and feel decidedly savage as you get them back in position, and prepare once more for slumber.

But now you can't sleep. The fog-horn toots its little lay unheeded. You shut your eyes tight and determine to doze off, but you don't doze. You conjure up to your mental vision a vivid picture of innumerable sheep jumping through a gap in a zig-zag rail fence, but even that alluring prospect has no power to woo you, by its primitive simplicity, to a land of repose. You count mechanically until even counting pails, and you realize at the end of it that you are as wide awake as ever. The clothes get another fit, and becomes so tangled up with your legs and feet that you find it hard work to extricate them. Finally, in sheer desperation, you get out of bed and make a bolt for the chair where your vest hangs, for a match. En route you bump into the corner of the bureau, skin your shins and almost knock one of your small ribs through your back. The solitary tack that has been lying peacefully under the bureau ever since the carpet was laid, now comes out and stands on his head. Of course you step on it, and as with aching heart and agonized sole, you essay to remove it, you groan aloud at this unjust tacksation. All this time the melancholy moaning of the fog-horn has not failed to remind you regularly that it is still in business at the old stand.

By-and-by you reach your chair, and in your haste to get at it knock it down. The rung deliberately scraps at your shins until the last remnant of skin is shaved off, while the back gets up and hits you three or four times on the head to show its affection for you. Finally you get the match, light your gas and your pipe, and read steadily along until a distant clock chimes three. You think it pretty late and immediately get sleepy again. You turn out the gas once more, and as you do so the E—h-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—o-o-eh—o-o—o-o of the fog-horn vibrates through the peaceful night.

For an hour or more you toss and turn and wonder why some enterprising soul doesn't cross to the Island and choke that fog-horn until it is black in the face. Finally your thoughts land you in a wild country where frowning rocks and huge boulders are split up by seething, foaming, bubbling rivers. Wild animals roam around, and as you look one terrible monster comes towards you, a vile beast, with green, baleful eyes, and a vast blood-red, cavernous mouth, which opens occasionally to omit a strange and horrible sound—E—h-o-o-o-o-o-o—o-o-eh—o-o—o-o! With flashing eyes this awful thing comes to you, and as you await it in horror the ground suddenly opens beneath your feet and you sink into oblivion.

Next year's Toronto baseball team promises to be fully as good as the one that brought the International pennant here last season. A number of the champions have wandered to other cities, but they have been replaced by those who are said to be equally good, if not superior players. Baseball is an excellent outdoor sport, and deserves to be encouraged. Unfortunately, however, its surroundings in Toronto have not been such as to elevate its standing, though President Cox deserves credit for the way in which he has fostered the game.

At the Theaters.

During the course of a somewat checkered career, Mr. Edward E. Kidder has written a great deal of aqueous twaddle, which passed current for wit, but it is doubtful if he ever got rid of anything more happily combining these two rather undesirable literary attributes, than his latest production, Philopene, which has been played at the Grand Opera House all this week. Philopene is the story of a girl. The girl is a foundling and an undiscovered heiress. She dresses in rags, wears diamond rings and drives dull care away by dancing, singing seriocomic songs and playing the banjo. During the drive she introduces a liberal display of shapely and lively stockings. Finally she is discovered, marries her lover, who is also addicted to singing and dancing at the slightest provocation, and the performance closes with virtue passing under the wire an easy winner, while vice is distanced.

The young woman with the rags and diamond rings is Philopene. Philopene is Miss Myra Goodwin. Miss Goodwin is, I fancy, an ambitious variety actress. She walks like a professional pugilist and has the peculiar kick and mannerisms that can only be gained in the school that begins with Pat Rooney and Tony Pastor, and ends with An Adamless Eden. If my advice is worth anything, Miss Goodwin will return to the variety stage. There she is at home. She is pretty, and her specialties are clever. I cannot conscientiously compliment her, however, on her histrionic abilities.

Miss Goodwin's support savors strongly of the ancient log which crumbles at the touch. It is decayed. Mr. Samuel Read, as Timothy Tyrrell, the postmaster, and Mr. Nic Burnham, as Willie Hammond, are the two sound spots in it. Mr. Burnham made himself familiar to Canadian theater-goers by his excellent creation of The Mikado in that pretty opera. He is fat and ugly, and his Willie Hammond is an edition of the Mikado in Christian costume and make-up. That is all the difference. He makes me laugh at times; at times he makes me sad. The other three or four members of the company do very indifferently. Possibly that is the fault of the play. Mr. Kidder calls it a successful comedy. If it is, my ideas of what constitutes success and comedy are crude and unformed. The comedy element is sustained by such rich possages of unctous humor as these:

Postmaster Tyrrell—I'm a dern fule.

Mrs. Tyrrell—You are, indeed.

P. T.—Well, thar's a pair uv us.

Impertinent small boy in the gallery, interrupting—You bet!

Again Willie Hammond is discovered sucking eggs. Enter Philopene.

Willie, do you know what you reming me of?

Willie, with his mouth full of undeveloped chicken—Naw.

Philopene—Hammond eggs.

Willie rounds of the dialogue with a bit of snappy wit and says mournfully—Aw Phil.

I am glad Mr. Kidder has told us Philopene is a comedy.

Miss Kate Castleton will be at the Grand all next week in Crazy Patch, the first two performances being for the benefit of the Theatrical Mechanical Association.

Miss Castleton is very charming and vivacious. She has bright eyes and a wicked kick, both of which are sources of infinite enjoyment to the elderly gentlemen who occupy the front seats and opera glasses during the greater part of her engagements. Miss Castleton is well known in Toronto. She is not an actress, but she is clever in her way and pleases people. I fancy they like her kick. There is a suspicion of innocent devilitry about it that is very delicious. Crazy patch was presented here last year and made an emphatic success.

Chip-o'-the-Old-Block is another horse-play affair. It is not badly constructed, however, and is ably presented by Miss Marguerite Fish and her company. It has drawn large audiences to the Toronto Opera House this week. One always expects incongruities and inconsistencies in these musical absurdities, but in Chip etc., the element of improbabilities, impossibilities and direct contradictions is more carefully concealed than usual, all of which makes it decidedly more palatable. Miss Fish is a little woman (with songs and dances), in a short dress and particolored stockings, which she loses no opportunity of exposing to the callous gaze of the cruel world. Her voice is not remarkable for any particular purity or sweetness, but she sings with snap and expression, and is an undeniably good soubrette. Her company is a good one for the sort of piece that Chip etc. is. Some of the musical melanges and medlies are well worth listening to, if one has a fancy for the catchy jingle of popular songs. Besides Miss Fish, Robert L. Scott as the Commodore, Harry Mills as Jack Lightfoot and the Zeph Spanker, of Richard F. Baker, strike the chord of ability and popularity.

All next week the Toronto Opera House will be relegated to a production of Bartley Campbell's play, The White Slave. There will be some new scenic and mechanical effects, and rain-storm of real, live water, incidentally introduced. A Detroit paper pauses in a reckless journalistic career to observe that "Bartley Campbell's effective and highly successful spectacular drama, The White Slave, had a revival at White's Theater last night. For six years this play has been steadily before the American public. The question of its value as a contribution to the dramatic literature of the age has been perhaps sufficiently discussed. The public have accepted it and year after year made heavier its manager's pockets. So far as one can see there is no abatement of popular interest in it. There seems to be a kind of Uncle Tom's Cabin vitality in it, which is evidence that it deals with those broad humanities that interest and concern us all. It is well acted and attractively staged. Miss May Newman plays Lisa (the white slave) with force, pathos and dignity."

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Wilson Barrett denies the rumor of his marriage to Miss Eastlake.

New York is filled with disengaged actors and more are expected after the holidays.

Mrs. Langtry is 37 years old, Lotta is 40, Robert Mantell 33, and Kate Castleton 32.

The last of Henry Irving's performances of Faust, in New York, will be given Monday evening.

It is said that Edwin Mayo pays his father, Frank Mayo, $200 royalty every week for the privilege of playing Davy Crockett.

A number of New York critics have been won to the opinion that Mrs. Potter has some histrionic ability after all, and does not depend for her success merely on her status as a leader of American society.

Minnie Palmer threatens to become a dangerous rival of Charles L. Davis, the only Alvin Joslin. She does not advertise herself as an actress any more, but as the owner of the finest costumes and jewels ever displayed on any stage.

Annie Robe, the leading lady of Wallack's last season, and who has recently been traveling with the Henley Deacon Brodie company, has been engaged with Joseph Haworth to do leading parts in Steele Mackaye's Anarchy, which is to take to the road soon.

Nate Salsbury and Buffalo Bill are making a phenomenal success of their Wild West show in England, Cody estimating that he has made $800,000 and Salsbury $500,000 out of it. They have recently refused one million dollars cash for a two years' engagement to play through different European cities.

Ladies who attended the Florence performances at the Grand last week were amazed at the variety and richness of Mrs. Florence's wardrobe. It was observed that she did not wear the same dress twice during the entire engagement, and some evenings plays were produced which necessitated several changes of costumes.

The story that Lester Wallack was already preparing for his return to the stage, and had booked dates in several Western cities, is without authority. Mr. Wallack intends to play again if he ever gets control of his legs, which are his only trouble; but he has not overcome this difficulty yet, and he has taken no steps whatever toward arranging a route for his projected tour.

On Friday evening and Saturday afternoon of last week, Mrs. Scott Siddons gave her monologue reading entertainment in the new Y. M. C. A. hall. Both performances were to crowded houses. This was Mrs. Siddons' first appearance here in six years, during which time she has changed very little. Mrs. Siddons has always been a society favorite here, and during her short stay in the city she attended several pleasant social affairs. As a reader, Mrs. Siddons is as successful as of old. Her voice retains all its mellow richness, although her rapid enunciation at times mars its effect.

Verona Jarbeau is the wife of her manager, Jeff Bernstein; Fanny Davenport is Mrs. Price; Annie Pixley is Mrs. Robert Tulford; Kate Castleton is Mrs. Harry Phillips; Frances Bishop is Mrs. John T. McKeever; Lillian Russell is Mrs. Edward Solomon; Fay Templeton is the divorced wife of Howell Osborne; Marguerite Fish is Mrs. N. Behrens; Minnie French is Mrs. Charles E. Evans; Rose Coghlan is Mrs. Clinton Edgerly; Kate Claxton was Mrs. Dore Lyon, but is now Mrs. Charles Stevenson; Maggie Mitchell is Mrs. Henry Paddock; Agnes Herndon is Mrs. Joseph Jessell, and Minnie Maddern is Mrs. Le Grand White, but is applying for a divorce, the papers being filed in Detroit last summer when her husband was hanging around Toronto.

London *Truth* on Mary Anderson: "But in the art of posture she is unrivaled. Finer by far than anything she has ever done before is the attitude of the actress when, at the conclusion of a thunderstorm, she hears that her boy Mammillus is dead. If a sculptor could produce in marble anything like that effect he would make a fortune. By a clever twist Miss Anderson gets her white veil stretched as a covering at the back of the head, forming a background for a face blanched with terror. The form is half recumbent here; then suddenly lifting herself up to her full height, the veil is dropped over the face of agony, and the marble statue falls upon the floor. This lady's admirers have over and over again raved about her beauty as the statue Galatea, but they have never seen such sculptured attitudes as these. If she could only act as well as she can attitudinize, she would be greater than Rachel, for nature has given her gifts denied to her most brilliant predecessors."

Talks About People.

We want this corner to chat in. It is curtained off from the ball-room's glare, but we can see the dancers' faces and the gas-light glitter on the polished floor, while the drone and throb of the music's sensuous pulsing comes in with the shuffling of slipped feet. Away from it all, we can have a bright, breezy, chippy, pleasant breathing place, where we can be simple and unaffected in our talk, mingling our laughter and our tears, and, for once in our lives, be honest with ourselves and with the world.

* * *

The late Judge O'Connor had a great sense of the ludicrous and his wit was keen. We have all laughed over the story of his famous encounter with the bull-dog, when the infuriated animal grabbed His Honor's cork leg, and the judge encouraged him to feed on it; and though he was in deadly peril at the time, he could not help chuckling to himself as the dog's teeth took a firmer grip. An anecdote is told of him that I don't think has ever crept into print. After being called to the bar he practiced his profession in Windsor, and on one occasion went to some art exhibition in Detroit. While in the gallery he met a couple of his clients in from the country—the one a rich but ignorant matron and the other her pert, pretty and boarding-school-educated daughter. As O'Connor came up mamma was greatly shocked because her daughter had expressed her admiration for a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo. "What you can see beautiful in that bare-faced, brazen cripple I cannot understand," she said. "It is absolutely indecent."

"My dear madam," interposed O'Connor, with preternatural gravity, "you are quite right, but be merciful. Remember the poor creature has no arms, and she can hardly be expected to dress herself."

History tells not the answer.

* * *

There has been so much in the daily papers lately about O'Connor's bravery in cutting off his own leg that it recalls another instance of courageous presence of mind. Sir Edward Bradford was a keen sportsman and a young officer doing duty with a Madras cavalry regiment. One day, when tiger-hunting, he missed his mark and soon found himself in the clutches of an enormous and ferocious beast. It was an anxious moment. None of his friends were at hand. As a sportsman of experience he knew well that the best course was to lie quietly and sham death. The tiger surveyed his prey, looked around, and, thinking all was safe, started to make his meal. Taking the young officer's hand in his mouth it was steadily disposed of and the arm eaten up to the elbow before his companions came up and rescued him. The cool resolution of the man in feigning death was the means of saving what has since proved to be a most valuable life. Had he moved, or uttered even a groan, the tiger would have put an immediate end to his existence.

* * *

An American writer, in commenting on this, refers to it as "the greatest bravery and presence of mind ever known." An instance of it, certainly, but not necessarily the greatest. Judge O'Connor's bravery and presence of mind were fully as great.

* * *

During the recent days of vacancies on the Bench, there was considerable talk of other vacancies, which, in the light of recent events, now seem problematical. I was told then on very good authority that both Judge Armour and Chancellor Boyd were seriously thinking of retiring from the dizzy heights of arm-chaired judicial eminence to resume their less elevated but more lucrative posts at the Bar. Superior Court judges in this country have a guaranteed income of some $6,000 a year, while a good counsel will make all the way from two to five times that sum, and perhaps more. With men of energy and ability who do not care for the honors of a judicial position, it will readily be seen that elevation to the Bench is not always desirable, and I understood some weeks ago that both the gentlemen named were strongly inclined to return to old pastures.

* * *

Since then, however, Judge Armour has been made Chief Justice Armour, which will, I fancy, effectually do away with a return to the Bar for him, and I hear no more of Chancellor Boyd's talked-of resignation. I think, though, that in several instances, if it were not for the prestige of the position, a number of the Superior Court judges would be contenting themselves with plain Q.C.

* * *

Chief Justice Armour, by the way, is one of the few justices admired, revered, and, I might almost say, beloved by those whose business it is to run down criminals and bring them to justice. Your professional thief-taker invariably feels most bitterly toward the man he has captured, and the more severe the sentence the greater the detective's enjoyment of the hilarious proceedings. I do not say this is so in every instance, but my experience has been that in nine cases out of ten it is a lamentable fact. While not imbued with that feeling of bitterness, Chief Justice Armour argues, rightly or wrongly, that a heavy sentence will not only keep the criminal out of harm's way, but will act as a deterrent on others tempted to sin. By different paths judge and detective reach the same conclusion, so that the detectives generally look upon Chief Justice Armour as the greatest man of his time, while the whole criminal world of Canada stands in mortal dread of him. His sentences are in marked contrast, as a rule, with those of the late Chief Justice Cameron, who was generally extremely lenient with offenders. His justice was greatly tempered with mercy.

* * *

While speaking of legal matters, the other day a Barrie man carefully impressed me with the fact that three of Toronto's cleverest lawyers hail from Barrie—Dalton McCarthy, B. B. Osler and William Lount. All Q.C.'s, too. Mr. McCarthy has political aspirations, I believe. He is a Conservative, and is anxious to be Premier of the Dominion. Mr. Osler, his partner, is a pronounced Reformer, but his political aspirations sleep at the bottom of a well. I forget what the majority against him was. Mr. Lount is—I don't know what. But he is a good fellow, anyway. Barrie has my congratulations—and the Scott Act.

* * *

The telegraph wires have recently been burdened to tell us that Mr. Berry Wall is no longer king of the New York dudes, but that a certain Mr. Somebody-else now reigns in his stead. This startling information is augmented by the statement that Mr. Somebody-else has brains. What sort of brains the gentleman has or in what particular portion of his anatomy they are located, the dispatch neglects to state. My own impression is that they will be found pretty much anywhere but in his head—otherwise he would never seek to usurp Mr. Berry Wall's somewhat questionable sovereignty. Young Wall, by the way, has run through the large fortune left him by his father, and is now selling wines on commission.

* * *

A Western paper tells a good story. A mercantile house recently advertised for a boy, and among about a hundred applications received was one worded as follows: "Gents—I am a orphan. I have no father and mother. I want the place bad. It beets hel how hard times is and how tight is money." He got the place.

* * *

Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who was here last week, is a living contradiction of the assertion of nineteenth century women that the female form divine is an awful thing to look upon unless it is tightly clasped by the lung-destroying corset. Gallantry forbids my mentioning Mrs. Siddons' age, but, at any rate, she will never see forty again, and for over seven years she has never worn a corset. Yet her figure is lithe, graceful and beautiful, and she only measures twenty-seven inches about the waist—so, at least, I am reliably informed. This, however, will not make the slightest difference. Corsets and other things ad lib. will be worn as long as gentle woman decrees it the correct kibosh to do so; when the information is otherwise, they will be discarded. Matters of health and beauty have very little to do with it.

* * *

Since Ella Wheeler Wilcox began writing syndicate letters for simultaneous publication in various American and Canadian papers she has signalized herself by eulogizing Robert G. Ingersoll, and writing verses more melancholy than any of her most corroded efforts of earlier days. Before she got a husband and adopted a double-barreled name, her mournful rhymes were sad enough, in all conscience, but after her marriage she took a fresh bath in the gloomy waters of her inspiration, and fairly reeked in misery. I thought then she had reached hard pan, but, judging by her more recent effusions, she has gone to still lower depths. I wonder where she proposes stopping. Life is not all tears, but it is surely sad enough in itself without the morbid moanings of dyspeptic poets. Ella has considerable ability, and if she would only look on things from a more optimistic standpoint, I doubt not that people would like her productions better. An occasional twang of the sorrowful lyre is all right, but the perpetual sounding of the same old string, Ella, is, to say the least of it, monotonous.

* * *

I think if I were Ella's husband I would scarcely care to have her gush much more about Ingersoll. The notice of that eminent infidel, which was published in a Toronto paper the other day, is simply the acme of adulence. The grace and ease with which she swamps him in a wordy waterfall is admirable. "His conversation," she says, "is a noble poem; his words a string of glittering pearls." Great guns! Then she calmly takes him to task for a too free use of the "adjective damn." She doesn't say so, but I presume she intends it to be inferred that the use of the "adjective" damns up the noble, poetic and glittering stream of the bald-headed colonel's adipose eloquence, which she would like to flow without interruption. Damn has had its day for a great many years, Ella, and I have a distinct recollection of an occasion in Hamilton some years ago when Judge Sinclair decided that the word was not swearing, and could be construed into nothing harsher than a forcible expletive, an opinion in which he was subsequently sustained by a Cincinnati judge. I see no reason, therefore, why it should not have its place in the noble poem and string of glittering pearls. But I might casually remark that I never heard damn called an adjective before, and I think it would puzzle Ella to find it so labeled in any lexicon.

Exit Edward.

No Toronto people were particularly surprised at Hanlan's defeat in Australia last week. The news of it only confirmed the general expectation. When he pulled his race with Teemer on Toronto bay last summer, it was easily seen that he had lost his grip. When he left for Australia he knew he was beaten before he started. Had it not been that his money was up he would never have gone.

The fact of the matter is that Hanlan has had his day, and a very good day it has been. He has held the championship longer than any oarsman that ever lived. He has made large sums of money and, had he kept it, might have been worth a snug sum now. But he was easy-going, good-natured, and readily led. He was hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, and to be it spent his money and weakened himself so physically, that all the training in the world will never bring him to perfection again.

Even if it had not been for his inclination for good dinners and an easy life, it is doubtful if he could have held the championship much longer than he did. Younger men studied his methods, and it is probable that with the advantage of years on their side, their brawny arms would have ultimately pulled them on to victory.

The King is dead; long live the King! Hanlan's sun has set—as an oarsman. But he is still a comparatively young man, and there is no reason why he should not live many useful years. It is altogether probable, however, that he will return to Toronto, start a saloon, grow prosperous and fat, and finally die of old age and a worn-out liver.

Hanlan was a credit to Toronto and to Canada in his prime, but his shell is beached forever.

Afternoon At Homes.

A glance at the society column of SATURDAY NIGHT will show that the afternoon At Home is rapidly superseding other forms of social hospitality. It is the leading feature amongst the entertaining of the day. It is not every one who is a dinner-giver, while the givers of dances are in a small minority. Dinner giving has been brought to such a height of luxury, that the trouble and expense entailed by this class of entertainment is beyond the capabilities and pockets of many, while as to the question of giving dances, it is one that few entertain, well knowing that the cost is so great in proportion to the satisfaction derived therefrom, as regards the fair daughters of those persuaded to give dances. Evening parties have got into the same boat with dinners and dances, and have come to be looked upon as expensive affairs, and not to be given lightly. The suppers on these occasions are expected to be so good, and it is only very great people who venture upon giving bad ones, or even to substitute light refreshment in lieu of supper.

Afternoon At Homes have thus come to the rescue of both the great and little ones of the earth, all feel the relief to their purses that this modest and inexpensive form of entertainment offers, and this will be so until the great pressure of excess of luxury and undue extravagance is removed.

Invitatations for At Homes should always be acknowledged, no matter whether the cards bear the letters R. S. V. P. or not. It is an act of discourtesy not to answer an invitation, for if invitations remain unanswered the usual conclusion is that absence from home is the reason of it. It is polite and considerate, when acceptance is doubtful, to state the fact, and then a hostess could have a list of doubtfuls as well as certainties to refer to. It is everything for a hostess to know who is, or who is not, coming to her At Home, so as to regulate her list accordingly. To render an At Home a success, the right people should be invited to meet each other, those who have something in common for instance, and are well acquainted, or those whose acquaintance it would be pleasant to make. otherwise people consider it a triste affair, when forced to admit "that there was hardly anyone there they knew to speak to," and several present that "they did not care to know or to know more of."

When a lady has a large acquaintance, and gives a series of At Homes, if she wishes to make them pleasant to all, she issues her invitations with this end in view, bearing in mind the prejudices and partialities of her friends; but when giving an occasional At Homes her course is not so clear, and she is fearful of wounding the susceptibilies of some of her acquaintances by leaving them out of her invitation list. On the other hand if she asks them to meet each other they feel that they have not been asked to the large At Home, and consider the invitation, a doubtful compliment. This is a dilemma that many experence, and circumstances and self interest often influence the decision arrived at for and against.

A little difficulty often presents itself when a card is received for a series of At Homes, as to whether the recipient is expected to go to all. If the At Homes are to take place every week it would be advisable to put in an appearance fortnightly, and to mention the first date of acceptance in answering an invitation of this nature.

But a visiting card left with an At Home day written on it cannot be regarded in the light of an invitation; it is merely an intimation that if the friends of a certain lady call upon her on a given day, mentioned on the card, they will find her at home. But this does not necessitate a call being made if inconvenient, or any excuses offered for non-appearance on the At Home day.

Casually Mentioned.

The difference between SATURDAY NIGHT and an elongated head is that one fills a long-felt want and the other fills a long felt hat.

The true story of that Chicago suicide has never yet been told. Somebody rang a chestnut bell on him, and when he heard it go ting-a-Lingg-Lingg, he said: "Have I then come to this?" and died.

John L. Sullivan's favorite dish is batter pudding. A fashionable young lady probably prefers mince pie.

In case your calendar's astray,
Or in an uncongenial mess,
We will be pardoned if we say
That this is Dec.

English paragraphers are just beginning to realize why they have never been known to fame. For years they tinfoiled their jokes in quotation marks and italics, and the point failed to puncture. Now they are beginning to print tunny stuff without putting a label on it, and, in consequence, have risen to the proud heights of seeing it copied in the theater programs.

Charles Dent is understood to be contemplating a speedy re-issue of his excellent paper, *Arcturus*. If Mr. Dent brings it out under that name the re-issuing process won't last long. The general public will gather from the first syllable that the contents came out of the late lamented Mr. Noah's contrivance for sailing the bounding main, and that settles it.

Anarchy is of ancient origin, though it does not yet seem to have been generally recognized that way. SATURDAY NIGHT has best of authority for the statement that even Noah was anarchist.

Cold the wintry wind is blowing,
Sad and drear the landscape sleeps,
Yet my lassie's eyes are glowing—
Maddest mirth from out them peeps;
Draughts of joy she has imbibed,
Hence her happy look and bright;
Well she knows I have subscribed
Dollars twain for SATURDAY NIGHT.

There is not in this whole world a pleasure so great,
As the filling of stockings when Christmas is here,
'Tis a joy that still gladdens the heart cursed by fate—
And we beg to remind you that Christmas is near;
And a pointer for you, reader dear, in your seeking
For something both useful and good to the sight,
There is nought to compare, though fine presents are reeking,
With a yearly subscription for SATURDAY NIGHT.

Advertising as a Fine Art.

Judicious advertising has long been recognised as the keystone of success. Every business man will tell you that but, few business men seem to realize just what judicious advertising is. The man who makes a success in life says he owes it all to the liberal manner in which he spent his money with the newspapers; but he will not add, because he does not know, that he might have achieved the same results with a far less expenditure of money by patronizing only those papers which were of direct benefit to him through their circulating among people whose custom he sought, and who, by reading his advertisement in these particular papers, would be induced to come directly to his store. Had he taken the trouble to ascertain just which papers his customers read, he might very easily have dropped the others, profitting thus by a direct reduction of the amount expended, without in any way lessening the volume of his business. There are some people, like Barnum, whom it pays to advertise in everything from a comic weekly to a poultry journal, but with the average advertiser he should pick his advertising medium with the same caution that a thief picks a pocket or a woman a set of false teeth.

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I was forcibly struck with this the other day while reading a United States fire and life insurance weekly. The paper, in its way, was good enough. It claimed, and I daresay justly, a large circulation. It goes to representative business men, and probably can be found on file in the office of every insurance man in the country. One-half of one of its advertising pages, however, was devoted entirely to the advertisement of a well-known American manufacturer of baking powder, and it probably cost the advertiser all the way from $25 to $75 to get it there. What under the sun good it was to him after he got it there, I can't for the life of me understand. Here was a paper circulating entirely amongst insurance agents and business men, three-fourths of whom don't know any more about baking powder than a bull-dog knows about a summer sunset; and here was an advertiser crying an article for women in a paper that not one woman in a thousand ever sees, and wouldn't understand if she did. Such advertising as this falls little short of the idiotic, and is on a par with the lunacy of the little milliner who would advertise new hats and bonnets in the *Canadian Sportsman*; or the owner of a stud farm who put himself before the public in the valuable columns of the *Dominion Churchman*. Yet both these papers are widely circulated and would be of unquestionable advantage to a judicious advertiser whose wares were of such a nature as to appeal to the readers of these prints. It need scarcely be intimated, however, that buyers of hats and bonnets do not seek their inspiration in a sporting paper, nor do the owners of trotting stock search the columns of a religious weekly for pointers on fine horses.

*

While some of the trade papers are of unquestionable service, there are numbers of them the necessity for the existence of which is not at all apparent. Take an insurance paper, for example. Nobody takes it but insurance men. It does not circulate with the general public at all; you never see it in the book-stores; nobody reads it outside of the insurance men, and no insurance man imagines that he gets a dollar's worth of good out of the hundreds he puts yearly into the pockets of the paper's proprietor. We must look for some deeper inducement here than the ordinary reasons which lead a man to advertise. Can it be fear? Are the insurance companies afraid that the editor of the insurance paper will disclose some facts which they want kept secret, unless he gets an advertisement? One would naturally suppose that the insurance companies, which derive their support from the public, would put their various advantages before the public in those papers which the public patronize. If you notice, however, the insurance companies do not advertise one-half as much in the daily and weekly papers, which everybody reads, as in the insurance papers, which nobody reads. The same thing might be pointed out in a dozen different branches of class journalism, but the one example is sufficient.

*

There are some classes of class papers, however, which are of unquestionable advantage to some advertisers. Let us take the case of a wholesale grocer, for instance. He has a certain article which he is desirous of introducing to the retail trade. He takes so much space in so many daily papers, and in that space sets forth the merits of his goods. It costs him a lot of money, and he does not get an adequate return for the expenditure. If he wants his advertisement to count he must keep it up for days, for to-day's paper is worthless to-morrow. Besides, he has to take chances on the papers he advertises in reaching the retail grocers of the country. The judicious advertiser would make his wares known another way. He would take so much space in the representative grocery paper of the country, which all grocers, wholesale or retail, take, and by advertising in that would not only reach the class of men he was desirious of appealing to, but would save himself somewhere between 80 and 90 per cent. in the actual cash outlay. But it would be an essentially idiotic thing for the retail grocer to advertise in the trade paper with the hope of bringing custom to his store, for, as with the insurance paper, the grocery sheet does not circulate amongst the general public but in the trade, and as no insurance manager expects risks from an opposition company, so no retail grocer expects an opponent to purchase household supplies from him.

*

Changed somewhat in detail, but in the abstract the same, these tenets apply to the daily field. The business man who makes a specialty of supplying the working classes, will show his knowledge of judicious advertising, by crying his wares in the paper or papers read by the masses; but it would be foolish for the man with expensive silks, costly carpets and valuable curios and bric-a-brac to seek patronage through the same medium. The *Globe* and *Mail* circulate in different circles and no judicious advertiser will print the same advertisement in these two papers, nor will he, if he wants to reach *Globe* readers, seek them through the columns of the *Mail*. People who want employes or employers, who have rooms to let or desire board, will naturally seek their requirements through a common channel, for in every town there is one paper that makes a specialty of registry office business. Such a paper as this, however, is not suitable for the publication of commercial advertisements in, for the people who want situations or with "rooms to let in a quiet family" are not generally overburdened with money, and such necessaries as they require are purchased generally in the corner stores.

*

Promiscuous advertising is most injudicious. A man who wants to express goods to a certain town will not ship them over half-a-dozen roundabout roads. He will send them by the most direct route, get them to his patrons quicker and save himself annoyance and expense. It is practically the same in advertising, although the oily-tongued advertising agents who flood the country and earn a precarious living by assurance and gab, would endeavor to convince the advertiser that all roads leads to Rome. Possibly they do, but the man who undertakes to spread himself over all the roads, will generally find that they lead to the bankruptcy court. It is well not to be carried away by the glib-tongued men who have proved everlasting failures as grocers, butchers, auctioneers and in other commercial callings, and acting on the general assumption that any fool can be an advertising agent, are trying it with the same results as they experienced in other businesses. The man who makes a few dollars by canvassing for a concert programme or a Christmas annual, labels himself an advertising agent and goes in for the business with all imaginable assurance, professing to know as much about the occupation as the keen, shrewd, level-headed men who have spent their whole lives in the study of advertising as a fine art, who have devoted their time, money and bright intellects to their profession, and who have made it the legitimate occupation of a lifetime, not the aftermath of a career of failure and business disgrace, or the ephemeral pursuit of a few weeks while waiting Micawber-like for something to turn up. You find these fellows everywhere. They are as numerous as fleas on a Scotch-terrier's back, and fully as objectionable. To show the truth of this postulate, it is only necessary to say that the new Conservative organ, the Empire, had 113 applications for the position of advertising agent, whereas there are not more than half-a-dozen men in the business in all Canada who could earn a living as advertising canvassers, were they not backed by the powerful newspaper corporations which they represent. The world is full of change. The prince of to-day is the beggar of to-morrow, and many of the men who would gladly be advertising agents now, are the men who a few years ago sneered at the followers of a profession that they are now only too glad to adopt. They float into the newspaper offices as collectors, circulators or in other Cheap John positions, and through accident, chance and the influence of friends, get out of their subordinate posts and become "advertising agents." Poorly equipped by nature and training for working with the bright business men of the community, and "making it go" solely through the influence and prestige of the papers on which they are employed, they go about armed with more representations of circulation and business than the average man can calmly contemplate in a month of Sundays. One man is loaded with the proprietor's guarantee that the paper has the largest circulation going; another is endorsed the same way by an affidavit from an affidavit clerk, who swears to the paper's circulation every Monday morning, while religiously making it his business to know absolutely nothing of what he is swearing to; another has this scheme and another has that, until the poor fly groans in agony as he looks at the glistening threads of the advertising webs about him, and the rubicund noses of the advertising spiders who wait for him to walk into the parlor.

*

It is a mistake to suppose that advertising in a paper with a large circulation is necessarily judicious advertising. No greater error could be made. I spoke a while back of the wholesale grocer and his advertisement in the widely-circulated daily as compared with the same advertisement in a trade paper. The same illustration answers here. The trade paper may not have the circulation of the daily, but IT GETS TO THE PEOPLE THE ADVERTISER WANTS TO REACH, which is all he wants, while he saves the percentage of money he would have to spend to put his advertisement before those readers of the daily not affected by it, and who are consequently of no use to him. If he desires to reach a thousand people in a certain walk in life, it is cheaper for him to utilize the columns of a paper that goes to those thousand people and no others, than it is to pay five or six times more for the use of a paper which only reaches about half the people he is anxious to appeal to, although its outside circulation may amount to forty thousand.

*

Daily newspaper advertising is poor work at the best. To be a successful daily advertiser you require to take great space and to keep it up from year's end to year's end, for the daily paper is ephemeral and fleeting. There is nothing so stale as yesterday's paper. It chronicles the flotsam and jetsam of the hour, and is thrown to one side to die an ignominious death. It is like the drop of rain that falls on the duck's back and rolls to the ground.

*

Your weekly newspaper is different. The successessful weekly must have features of permanent value that will cause it to be kept and consulted. It stays in the house from week to week and is read every evening. Most people file their weekly papers and get them bound at the end of the year. The judicious advertiser who seeks to make his advertising the keystone of his business success, will consult his best interests by advertising in a universally circulated weekly that goes amongst the people who have money to spend in stores, and who are best appealed to through the papers that go to their firesides and are not destroyed after a careless and indifferent inspection.

THE ADVERTISER.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

SUNDAY MORNING AT THE DEACON'S.

They were singing. The Jones family always sang on Sunday mornings. On other mornings family worship, under the stress of chores, was unaccompanied by song. On this particular Sunday morning the family had just assembled at what the Deacon in his oft-repeated prayer was wont to designate as their "fam'ly altyr" when the up-express thundered past the house with that profuse hilarity of whistling and screeching peculiar to locomotives, which, from continuous habit, appear to delight in desecrating the Sabbath. The train stopped at the new station, which was not more than a hundred yards from Deacon Jones' house, and a solitary passenger alighted. He stared at the big black letters on the white board, which proclaimed "Applebury" to be the name of the village, and then glanced at the dingy farm house on the knoll across the road.

"What might yer be lookin' fer, mister?" inquired Mr. Shunter, the combined station master, switchman, express agent and baggageman.

"I might be looking for someone to talk to, but I'm not!" snapped the stranger. "I suppose that's Sniveller Jones' place over yonder!"

"Not Snivel-yer Jones, mister, for that's a name I never heard of hereabouts, but Adoniram—Deacon Adoniram Jones' place is it over yander, and ther' haint do e'thly doubt 'bout that!"

The stranger stared mockingly in Mr. Shunter's face, and with a laugh swung his heavy valise onto his shoulder, stepped down off the platform and across the railroad to the path which led to the red gate of the farm. About forty years old, big and strong, and yet not coarse, he swung along under his burden as if it were a feather. His clothing was of fashionable make, and though much worn and travel-stained, his garments fitted him as if they were proud of the man. His strong face, shaded by a heavy brown beard, bore marks of dissipation perhaps, but none of depravity. As he strode along the path leading to the house, the currant bushes brushed against his coat and the tall sunflowers nodded a lazy welcome. The bees were humming in the clover, and in the dwarf pear tree a bird was whistling a merry lay. The stranger dropped his valise in the tall, tangled grass by the rose bush which climbed over the parlor window, and taking off his stovepipe hat nervously wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

They were singing, and the voice that started the tune was his mother's. The stranger tried to pull his hat down over his eyes, and after a moment of tremulous waiting he hurried to the window of the dining room, and peering through the hop vines which covered the south side of the house, he saw his father and mother, his brothers and sisters standing up and singing:

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

The Deacon sang vociferously if not melodiously, the boys drawled along in careless but musical bass, the girls, sweet of voice, but without thought or feeling, loitered through the tune, the mother sadly but steadily, her voice quavering here and there, as if unable to some notes uncertain. Her tired hands, with their knotted, toil-stained fingers clasped together hung hopelessly before her, unbeautiful and almost deformed by hard work. As she sang her dark, sad eyes grew dreamy—beautiful eyes, like those of the son peering through the hop vines. Age had dulled the lustre of those blue eyes, but beauty still dwelt there, though pathos had replaced the sparkle which had once made her face so bright and joyous. They were the eyes of one who, uncomplaining, had suffered long, and with patience had borne many burdens. As the verse finished her voice, echoing her heart's weariness, started the refrain:

—Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

The family had followed "mother" through the hymn so often that they did not hear the wail, the soul's cry for rest that went up to God every Sunday morning; but the son returning after many years—nigh on to a score—felt his eyes fill as he heard the lifeworn woman sing longingly of eternal rest.

—While we seek supplies of grace
Through our dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face—
Take away our sin and shame—

So far they sang of the second verse, the mother steadily, the Deacon unctuously, the family lazily, everyone but mother without expression.

—From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

And again in the refrain came the wailing minor key of the tired wife, the jaded mother, as she pleaded for rest, and no ear save God's heard the sobbing of the soul that was pure enough and gentle enough to sit with Mary lovingly, piously, at Jesus' feet. Her son Ben, her first-born, the wanderer, the truant, the prodigal, felt some of her sorrow as he heard her quavering monotone.

—Here we come thy name to praise,—
Let us feel Thy presence near—

Ben could stand no more and turned away.

"Poor old mother!" he muttered huskily, as he heard her start the third verse, "her voice is nearly gone! How thin she looks! Old Sniv. must be worse than ever!

—Here affords us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

Came floating out to the listener.

"Never a taste of rest has poor old mother had in all these years. I can see that—and she never will know what rest is until she dies—or father does. Poor old mother," he murmured regretfully, as he returned to his post of observation.

"Let us pray!" tragically exclaimed the Deacon as the singing ceased. Everybody knelt. Israel, fat and lazy, leaning heavily with his elbows on the seat of his chair, stared in an absent way at the window next to the one through which his eldest brother was looking. Hiram, the school-teacher, drew a slip from his pocket and studied a recitation he was preparing for an entertainment; Bessie, pretty, dark eyed, auburn-haired little Bessie, drew her feet up under her and sat down like a plump little chickie on a roost. She knew the prayer would be long, and her father so takes up with the rhetoric of his petition that he would be unobservant, and so prepared to take it easy. She had a hymn book in her hand, and was studying the fly leaf on which some of her lovers at singing-school had written tender phrases. And Louie, too, was guilty of thumbing over her Bible while her father prayed, and as she was near the looking-glass she once in a while made mouths at her pretty self, perhaps to see how she would look if she tried to say several teasing things to her beaux, which were dancing through her mind. The wanderer at the window saw all these things at a glance, but his eyes lingered with loving solicitude on the mother, the tall, slim, thin-chested, stoop shouldered mother whose bony hands clasped the back of a chair while her head leaned heavily, wearily, hopelessly on her outstretched arm.

"Poor old mother," he sighed, and he almost choked in gulping down a sob, and a great big tear rolled down into the brown beard, "she's only a shadow any more."

The Deacon began, and the air was full of his chest tones and overdone with his sonorous elocution: "Oh, Lord! look down on us poor, falien, sinful and hopeless critters of Thy born-the-us-nuss as we air gethered round this humble alter of Thy grace.

"The old man starts off on his prayer just like he used to," thought the prodigal, as he glanced curiously at his sire.

Deacon Jones had some of the instincts of an actor. His tendency to strike attitudes and mouth his words suggested this to every beholder. While he knelt and prayed he grasped both arms of the rocking chair, and with head thrown back and his face uplifted to Heaven he was an impressive sight. He was sixty-five years old and comely, hale and hearty, white-haired and clean-shaven, except a fringe of beard under his jaws and chin. His robust frame had hardly known a real attack of sickness, though for twenty years he complained of rheumatism, dyspepsia, neuralgia, heart disease, liver complaint and lung disorder. His fond wife had nursed and babied him until he really thought he was in precarious health, and never did he return thanks to his Maker without alluding in sonorous phrase to the wonderful preservation of his life from the numerous sicknesses, diseases and disorders which infested his e'thly tabernacle of th' flesh." So regular was he in stating to the Divine Physician the condition of his health that the family knew exactly how near completion his prayer had reached by the recurrence of this well-worn period. In a few sentences subsequent to the sanitary paragraph it was his custom to refer in his supplication to his family, and with tears and choking voice to implore Heaven to preserve him and his "help-meet and companion in th' strait and narrer way."

"That's new," thought Ben. "It would be less like murder, however, if he tried to do a little of the 'preserving' himself."

With peculiar rising emphasis on his "ands," from which, except in prayer, he always dropped the "d's," the Deacon continued: "Oh, Lord, Almighty Maker of Heaven AND Earth, AND Creator of the Universe, on this Thy footstool, on which we poor critters of the dust air permitted to crawl, give ear, we most hum'ly beseech Thee, in A'mighty mercy, to our prayer ter! Thy Divine grace, AND dwell into our hearts. AND, Oh, Lord God of Abraham AND Isaac, AND Jacob, take notice of our sorrerin' young sister here, AND our Thy lamb inter her fold, AND ahein' a orphan without no father ner mother, teach us Thy servants to comfort AND cherish her in th' ways of Thy law AND flesh AND blood. AND we pray that when at last we air called t' give an answer AND an account fer every thought, word, deed, action, AND—, AND we air called t' give an answer AND re-joined to th' loved ones thet hev gone afore."

A sob from the corner beside the window attracted Ben's attention. He could see a female figure robed in black, and in a passing thought he wondered who she could be.

The Deacon had prayed for nearly half an hour, and had pasted out his petition with every word and phrase he could muster, but unsatisfied with his catalogue of wants, he concluded with a saving clause, included to cover all errors and omissions, like a quit-claim deed or a bar-of-dower. "Oh, Lord, grant us these, our humble requests, and forgive us re-quirements, for we know Thou dost not hear us on account of our much speakin', er because of our frequent repetitions, as the heathens does, but we know Thou art able AND willin' fur beyond what we kin think of, conceive, understand, er kin enter into th' thoughts of man, to bestow upon us mor'n we kin think of t' ask er enjoy."

At last he said "Amen," and everyone arose.

The mother last of all struggled to her feet, her daughter Lou helping her.

"How stiff you are to-day, mother," she exclaimed.

"Yes, Louisa, every bone in me aches like's if it was goin' to rain er storm of some kind. I'm feered I can't go t' meetin' t'-day."

"But yeh mus' come, Marier. It sets a ter'ble bad example when th' families of th' leaders of th' church stay away from meetin' AND 'fersake th' assemblin' of themselves together, as the scriptiss pint out!" the Deacon spoke authoritatively.

"I'll go then," she said meekly, "if you think it best."

"Of course I think it best, an—"

The Deacon's speech was interrupted. A stranger wearing a pug hat and carrying a big valise entered the door. Dropping his burden, and placing his hat on the half-cleared breakfast table, he stepped hurriedly forward, exclaiming:

"Mother!"

The sad blue eyes of the mother dilated with joyful surprise, the trembling hands were upraised as she cried:

"Bennie!"

"Poor, dear old mother!"

"Oh, Bennie, Bennie! My little Bennie."

He was forty and world-worn, and there was a little bald spot on the top of his head, but she saw only the wanderer, the truant, the prodigal, felt some of her sorrow as he heard her quavering monotone.

"Sayy, look-a-here, Ben, what are yeh doin' to the old man. Danged if I like to see him shoved 'round like that," began Israel, from whose hands the reins had fallen as he saw his father hustled into Hiram's buggy.

"Go and put away the team and come into the house, we want to have a talk!" Ben commanded fiercely. "You'd sit there like a bump on a log and see the whole family brow-beaten by that old fraud and never say a word. Go on now, and don't sit there gawking at me like a fool."

"Well by the great hen!" Israel began. But Ben had taken the horses by their heads and turned them towards the barn.

"Go on, Twelve Tribes, and don't try to talk till you get back your senses."

At the barn door Israel got out of the democrat and unhitched the team. For a moment he stood and looked towards the house. Then he began to unharness the horses, stopping a few times to gaze at the house, and exclaim: "Well, by the great hen, that is the dangdest perceedin' I EVER saw!"

One horse was unharnessed and had been turned into the lane leading to the pasture field, and Israel began to undo the buckles on the harness of the other, when he was constrained to pause and again exclaim: "Well, by the great GUM, I'll be danged if I EVER! An' that as straight as a string, sure enough!"

Israel was not a rapid or consecutive thinker. He stood in great awe of his father, and was the hack horse, the principal beast of burden on the farm, which on many occasions the Deacon had promised to bequeath to him in his will.

The last horse was scampering down the lane, kicking up his heels and exhibiting every sign of delight at his release. Israel stood gazing at the house, the bridle still hanging over his arm.

"So I hain't goin' to meetin'. It beats the Dutch the way he acted! It does, by the great sixty!"

(To be Continued.)

Casual Conversations.

ALL ACTIVE.

"I always find you alone, Mr. Hushup, and yet your sign is Hushup & Co. Who is the Co.?"

"My wife."

"Ah, I see. Silent partner, eh?"

Mr. Hushup *(reluctantly)*—Er—yes—that is —no, not exactly.

Appalling silence all around the horizon.—*Robert Burdette.*

THE SAME OLD TALE.

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "Who was it supported the world on his shoulders?"

"It was Atlas, ma'am."

"And who supported Atlas?"

"The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."—*Chicago Sunday National.*

THE ONLY RELIABLE FIRE-ESCAPE.

Guest—"Have you a fire-escape in this house?"

Landlord—"Two of 'em, sir."

Guest—"I thought so. The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing."—*Lawrence American.*

THE BOYS THAT GO TO HEAVEN.

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent.

"Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class.—*Jordon (N. Y.) Times.*

SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

Miss Dewdrop—"Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?"

Miss Rayne *(blushing violently)*—"How should I know?"—*Tid-Bits.*

A DEADLY BLOW.

Candidate *(earnestly)*—"A vote for me means a death-blow to the saloon. Can I count on you at the polls?"

Voter—"You bet! I'm with you every time."

Candidate *(joyously)*—"Good enough! Let's go and take something."—*Lowell Citizen.*

A SURE SIGN OF LOVE.

"What makes you think Mr. Merritt is in love with me?" asked Cora.

"Because," replied her mother, "he asked your little brother if it was true you would have ten thousand on the day of your marriage."—*Judge.*

A STRONG HINT.

It was midnight in the fall and she had waited long for him to go, but he persisted in hanging on and talking about the poets. Finally he said, "Why does Tennyson speak of men as God's trees?"

"Because they don't leave till spring," was the reply.

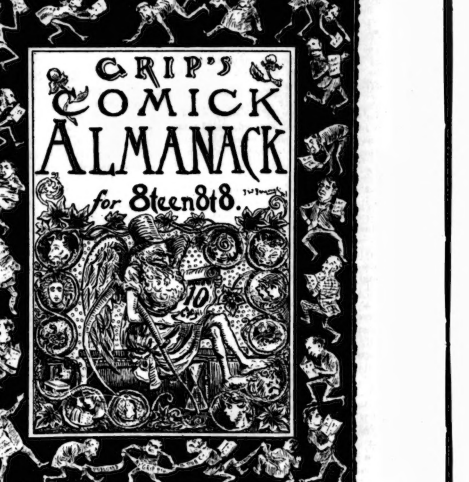
He probably took his leave after that.—*Texas Siftings.*

TRADE DISCOUNT.

Miss Follibud—"Can you tell me, Mr. Merchant, why they did not hang those two Anarchists in Chicago?"

Mr. Merchant—"Oh, that was trade discount, 33⅓ per cent off."—*Life.*

NOW READY!



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CHAPTER II.

UNEXPECTED, AND NONE TOO WELCOME.

After his mother had recovered from the Deacon came up to Ben, exclaiming: "Well! well! an' this is you, is it, Ben-ja-min?"

"Yes, father, I've come back! Are you glad to see me again?" answered Ben, kindly, for his mother's tenderness had softened his heart.

"Of course, Ben-ja-min! Of course! Why not?" The Deacon was cordial and gushing, but his quick eye had observed Ben's seedy attire, and the idea that his son was poor and might want help brought a scowl to his face. Ben Jones was too old a reader of human faces to mistake the look in his father's eyes, and as he watched the Deacon's face his own lips curled scornfully, and he answered with a sneer:

"I may not be welcome to you; I don't believe I am; but I'm going to stay, all the same; so let's try to be civil for a week or two, anyhow."

The girls were standing by waiting to greet their brother, and as his scowling father picked up his hat and left the room Ben turned to them:

"You're Lou, I'll bet ten thousand bushels of wheat," he exclaimed, catching both her hands. "I can see mischief in your eye. Poor old mother was rocking you in the cradle when I went away. That little scamp there is Bessie! I know that without guessing, though I never saw her before. Come here and kiss me, and then here's a kiss to have a new brother. Lord bless you Israel, how stout you're getting. Nothing like being named after the chosen people! And you, too, Hiram; you haven't say bigger than a hitching-post when I left home.

He looked inquiringly at the dark-robed figure by the door, and Louie, catching his eye, called out:

"Come here, Hope, and be introduced to the prodigal son. Miss Hope Campton, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Benjamin Jones. Miss Campton is our foster sister and father's ward, and Mr. Benjamin Jones is our absent brother."

With a pretty bow and comical gravity she continued:

"Mr. Jones, I hope you will behave yourself so I will not be sorry that I introduced you to Miss Campton. Hope, I advise you to be careful of this new arrival. I never remember seeing him before, and he has been so long away from his most excellent relatives that he may not be nearly so nice as the rest of us."

Ben grasped Hope's hand in his hearty way and answered with a laugh: "Don't let her prejudice you against me. She ought to be ashamed of herself for suggesting a supposition that this very mature prodigal was ever guilty of anything worse than wandering away from the poor old mother, who wanted him to stay near her."

"Oh, Bennie! I've missed you so!" sighed the mother, who was sitting in a rocking chair, swinging feebly to and fro.

"Poor old mother!" he said, going up to her and placing his chair nearer that he could look into the careworn face. "If I had hoped for a welcome, or even peace with father, in the old home I had come sooner. Even as it is, you can see the fat calf man hasn't fallen on my neck to greet me, nor has he shown signs of producing 'the best robe' or killing the fatted steer in honor of my return. I'm afraid, old mother, that the Deacon and I will never pull together. Every time I tried to make up my mind to come home old Sniv's face when he ordered me off the farm has risen up as a warning to stay away. Poor old mother!"—Ben leaned over and took the trembling mother in his arms—"I guess I was born to be your afflicter!"

"Oh, Bennie! you mustn't talk so about yer father; it's wrong."

She looked up at him, intending to be reproachful. He looked down at her and smiled. How well he knew that attempt to defend his father's hateful prejudices! Their eyes met, and Louie and Hope Campton, gazing wonderingly at them, were struck by the likeness of the two. The mother's sad blue eyes, bright with love for her first-born, her darling; bright with memories of the young days when first she looked into those eyes and saw a love that would never forget or desert her; bright with the visions she saw there of the first days of wedded life, when the sky was bright and love was not hidden in the bottom of a well of bitterness. Oh! the first days! the first years! the birthday of Bennie! the soft seed-time of happiness! How wifely love framed the picture that was to have been her future! And now here was Bennie, with the same beautiful blue eyes, looking at her. She choked with a great sob—he was changed; the eyes were blue and honest, and loving and bright, but the soul was changed. There were deep lines in his face, gray hairs like flecks of silver in his brown beard! But he was still her baby Bennie; those eyes were the same that looked upon her when her first-born at her breast found nourishment and comfort, and she could again feel the touch of the little hands that caressed with baby fingers her neck and fondled her face in those days so long ago, so very, very long ago! The two girls watched his face, and they saw what few of his companions ever saw—a tear, a softened glance, a loving, tender longing that was the soul; an earnest, yet a despairing desire to atone for his years of neglect, and they looked at one another and whispered, "Did you ever see two people look more alike!"

Yes, they looked alike. Tall, strong and massive, and she a stooping shadow. Yes! alike! Their souls were alike! The blue eyes were shaded by the same long, black lashes, and the heavy eyebrows in arch and faintest curve were the same. They were mother and son, and their souls spoke as the angels speak, without words. He knew what she thought, and his big brown hand touched the wrinkled cheek as once his baby hand had done, and she threw her arms about his neck and pressed his face against her breast, as had been her way near two score years ago.

Hope Campton began to cry, Lou was bewildered. Everyone else had left the room. Ben had forgotten that others were looking on.

"Oh Bennie! you don't know how happy you've made me," sobbed the mother.

"Poor, old mother! What a brute I've been! But I never forgot you, and mother, ah, I—er —never forgot to say my prayer, as I promised you when I went away, though sometimes I"—Ben sobbed in an abandon of confession and grief—"I—I was so tipsy I could hardly get into bed, yet I never forgot you, or how you used to look as you bent over my bed at night, or the prayer you taught me!"

"Oh, Bennie! do you drink?" exclaimed the mother in a frightened voice.

"Not now, mother. Not when I'm with you. Never so to hurt anybody but myself!" pressed his face against her breast, as had been her way near two score years ago.

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"Not now, mother. Not when I'm with you. Never so to hurt anybody but myself!"

Lou seemed rooted to the floor. Hope Campton touched her arm and whispered: "Come away; we have no right to watch them."

Twenty minutes later the Deacon, returning from the barn, with much ado, proclaimed that it was time to start for church. The big democrat wagon was drawn up by the door. Hiram sat in the single buggy, and called to Bessie that Hope might as well ride with him if she didn't mind.

Hope said she guessed she wouldn't go to church. She didn't feel like it.

"Come on yourself then, Bess."

"I'm going to stay at home, too; it's—it's so awfully hot!"

"Father won't have it, so you may just as well get ready. He's going to preach to-day and he won't have his own family set a bad example. See if he does!"

Bessie Jones was by no means a pretty girl, and yet she was "taking" and "clever." Her complexion had a hard look, and her hands were never soft, but always rough and chapped. Bessie Jones did not lack for lovers, but they were not the lovers she wanted. She had a mind of her own, and though younger than Lou, and the baby, in years, when she put her foot down not even the Deacon himself could alter a jot or title of her intention.

"I'm not going, Hiram, and you and Israel and father may just as well start, for I know that no one else feels like being shut up in the church for two mortal hours while father goes over his experience."

"Why say, Bess, there'll be a deuce of a row if no one but Israel and I go to meeting."

"Row away then. I know how it's going to be. It's going to be as I say, row or no row."

Hiram was disappointed. Ben had proved to have Hope in the buggy beside him, and expected on this his first Sunday at home during his vacation to cut quite a swell at the country church. "I think it's real mean of you when I haven't been home for three months!"

"Ben hasn't been home for twenty years, and I'm going to stay home with him and give him a chance to talk with mother, so just go on and don't get father started in one of his tantrums."

Just at this moment the Deacon came down stairs, brushing an ancient but much venerated stovepipe hat, and called to his wife:—

"Come, mother, we're ready to start! Benja-min, you kin ride with Hiram and one of th' girls."

Ben's face clouded. His mother escaped from his embrace as if in fear of scoldin'.

"I guess maybe I hadn't better go to-day, father; I'm not feelin' very strong, and it's ter'ble hot out in th' sun," stammered the mother, as she rose and tried to steady herself by holding the back of the rocker.

"And with one accord they began making excuses," quoted the Deacon, with an attempt at a smile which ended in a scowl.

"It's not an excuse," began the mother faintly. "I can't walk and dizzy, and I can't stand th' sun, let alone th' heat in th' meetin' house."

"It's only fancy, Marier; yer jist as well's I am, an' I must insist on yeh comin' out an' not settin' a bad example to other folks. Of course, I know ye'd like t' stay home along t' Ben, but it can't be t'-day. Seein's there haint no excuse fur th' breakin' of the assemblyin' of yerselves together in th' Lord's house on th' first day of th' week an—"

The Deacon's flow of words was cut short by Bessie, who, seeing the black look on Ben's face, tried to avert the storm.

"Mother isn't fit to go to church to-day, and if you get her started like enough she'd faint like she did after worship this morning."

The Deacon hated to give in, and was about to begin the argument of the question when Hope Campton, standing listlessly at the door, exclaimed: "Indeed, she isn't fit to do anything but go to bed.

What Hope Campton said always settled a question with the Deacon, and without admitting that he heard her, he gave up the point. Turning to Lou he demanded angrily why she wasn't ready for church. Lou was in rebellious mood, and answered with a perceptibly exultant sneer. "Because mother told me to stay home an' get dinner."

"Well, I tell yeh to git yer things on this minit an' go t' church!" cried the Deacon, his voice rising with his anger.

"Yes, Louisa," began her mother, with a faint attempt to be cheerful and restore order "I'll get dinner."

"You can't mother," put in Bessie firmly. "You're not fit. Nobody is going to meeting from here but Israel and Hiram, and there needn't be any more fuss about it."

Ben was astonished to hear his sister dictating thus to her father. In his boyhood such words would have led to an interview with a hame-strap or maybe a harness tug. Ordinarily the Deacon would have accepted this from Bessie in quietness, as he had grown accustomed to her imperious ways, but to-day he was at once angry, jealous and remorseful. Ben's tenderness to his mother was a reproach to him, and it stirred up the old hatred of his first-born's influence over his mother, and with face flaming with passion and voice choking with rage, he bellowed out:

"Yes, all on yeh air turned agin me by Ben a-coming back! All yeh think yeh kin dare me an' defy me, an' do as yeh please, jist bekase this reprobate hez turned up t' sponge on me agin. But I tell yeh I hain't goin' to her it, nither now nor at no time, an' if he can't keep from splittin' up th' family he kin jist make tracks an' go," roared the Deacon, gesticulating with both hands while his beloved plug hat fell unheed to the floor. "I tell yer I won't hev th' Lord's house deserted, despised, an' fersook fer the sake of none uv his haughty an' friv-less way, an' I say so, an' I'll git!"

The Deacon was trembling with rage, and in another minute would have been screaming at the top of his voice. Hope Campton stood dumbfounded; Lou went over to her mother for protection, Bessie glared at her father as if she would like to cuff his ears. Ben rose up, tall, powerful, self-possessed; picked the hat from the floor, and, walking over to his father, grasped his shoulder, swung him round, and marched him out of the room.

"This is a nice way to prepare yourself to preach, trying to bully a lot of women and frighten out what life is left in poor, old mother. You're a nice gospel agent, you are! Here, Hiram, take this old windbag in with you and tote him to church; nobody else is going. You'll have the team back in the stable, I want to talk to you."

By this time Ben had opened the gate and stood waiting for the astonished man, under the spell of his brother's fierce eyes, drove out. The Deacon, too, was speechless, and sat mechanically smoothing his hat with the cuff of his sleeve. Him shoulder felt as if a bear had been fondling him, though never before had he felt so much strength while being hurt so little. He had been unable to resist so sudden and overwhelming was the cyclone of his son's proceeding.

"Sayy, look-a-here, Ben, what are yeh doin' to the old man. Danged if I like to see him shoved 'round like that," began Israel, from whose hands the reins had fallen as he saw his father hustled into Hiram's buggy.

"Go and put away the team and come into the house, we want to have a talk!" Ben com-

THE WINNING HAND.

UT the cards." The dealer spoke impassively. The cards were cut and dealt in silence. The six men gathered about the baize-covered table "skinned" i.e. scanned their cards eagerly.

"I'll raise you the limit."

Halsey Field spoke. The jack-pot had been opened by one of the players, and all of the players had passed their hands to the pack except Halsey and the opener of the pot, Murat Winslow. As Halsey spoke he pushed a stack of chips to the middle of the table.

Promptly Murat placed by the side of Halsey's chips a column of "ivories" twice as high. It was a raise and up to the limit. A sudden interest was manifested by the other players.

Halsey deliberated a moment and then raised Murat's bet, and so they alternated until their chips were exhausted. The dealer patiently held the pack in his hand and waited for them to draw cards, but neither Murat nor Halsey seemed to desire a better hand than had been dealt them. They continued to bet. Money took the place of chips and a pile of greenbacks lay on the table. Words were few and silence the players and banker waited for the call.

Finally Murat said:

"If I had any more money I'd continue to raise you, but I am forced to call. What have you got?"

Murat threw his last roll of bills on the cloth and Halsey spread his hand. "Four kings and an ace," he said.

Murat groaned.

"That wins. I opened the pot on jacks up and down with a queen, and I believed I had the best hand."

An old gambler slapped Halsey on the back and exclaimed:

"You're Satan's own kid, Halsey, and your daddy fixes the cards for you. There's no other way of accounting for your luck."

But Halsey was not triumphant. Something had touched his heart. A voice had whispered to him that he had heard the groan of a dying man. He hastily raked in the pot, stuffed the bills in his pocket and called for the banker to cash the chips. When this was done he hastened to the parlor of the club house and called Murat aside.

"I don't want to be impertinent, Mr. Winslow," he said, "but if you're broke, I can accommodate you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Murat; "but I have car fare. That will be all I need until I get down town. Will you drink?"

They drank together. Halsey noticed that Murat's glass was almost full and that he drained it.

"Thus we drown our sorrows," remarked Murat, as he put down the glass.

"Whisky will pickle conscience for a time," Halsey made answer. Then bidding him a good night he went out into the street and called a cab and was driven to a hotel. There he placed his money in the safe and followed a bell-boy to a room. Soon he was fast asleep.

About noon he was awakened by the presence of some one in his room. His half-open eyes rested upon Murat Winslow just going out of the door.

"He's banked the money and it's not any use to kill him," Murat muttered as he shut the door.

Halsey, believing Murat to be intoxicated, lay still, but, troubled by the agonized expression he had seen on Murat's face, he could not sleep. So he arose and dressed himself.

A great commotion had arisen in the lobby of the hotel, which was crowded with men. They were discussing the suicide. When Halsey made inquiry he was informed that Murat Winslow had shot himself in a bathroom of the hotel and was dead.

Halsey went to the door, hailed a passing car and went to the park. There he walked slowly along a winding path and cursed his luck. His mood grew softer as he walked, and if those who knew him as Steel Halsey had been able to read his heart then, they perhaps would have twitted him as being womanish. He had believed himself to be thoroughly hardened, and was surprised at the mellowness that had succeeded his anger at possessing a dead man's money. However, he did not allow his surprise to prevent him from making a resolution to restore the money he had won from Murat Winslow to his widow.

A few days after Murat's funeral Halsey called on Mrs. Winslow. His manner was deliberate and he spoke slowly.

"I understand, Mrs. Winslow, that your husband, crazed by the loss of trust funds at the gaming table, took his life."

Mrs. Winslow's pretty face contracted in a spasm, and that was the only affirmation she gave to Halsey's words. She had not sat down, and Halsey was standing at a respectful distance. He continued in the same even tone:

"I won most of the money he lost on the night before he died, and I wish to restore it through you to whom it by right belong."

A quick, impulsive "Oh, thank you!" escaped the widow's lips and she took a step toward him. He did not notice her emotion or the sudden check she put upon herself. He had taken a roll of bills from his pocket and was counting them.

"That is the amount I won from him," Halsey said as he laid a sum of money on a table near her. "Be careful to conceal it when you go out with it. You might be robbed."

"You are very good, sir. I am sure I regarded you as a monster of infamy, but now I can think otherwise of you. Good-bye, Mr. Field."

When she came out of the front door a half hour later, eager to return the money to its owner, she saw Halsey on the opposite side of the street. She entered a car. He followed as far as the platform, where he chatted with the conductor. When she left the car he apparently did not see her. Her visit ended, she started for home. Halsey was again waiting on the opposite side of the street. She smiled and bowed to him. He lifted his hat and went away, while she waited for the car.

One day not many weeks after he met her at Coney Island. She was alone and would have passed without recognizing him, but he would not let her.

"Don't fret over it so. Work fewer hours. Your life blood added to his won't pay that debt, but your long and useful life will. Spread it out—don't work all the time."

"Who told you?" she asked, beginning to wonder if he had set a spy upon her.

"Your face and your hands tell the tale. "Your hands are thin and sad, your face has an eager determination on it. I read its resolution at a glance."

"That debt must be paid," she almost moaned, "and I am so weak. I was forced to come here for rest."

"That's right. Well-advised rest pays a big dividend in after work. If I can help you I will. I heartily wish Mr. Winslow had lost all of that money to me."

"I don't," she replied, "for then I should have had nothing to support me in my crushing sorrow. Work buoys me up, and without it I should become a driveling idiot."

Thus for a few moments they conversed, while the waves rushed hissing up the ridge in a vain attempt to reach the top.

Mrs. Winslow went back to the city and resumed her silk patchwork—crazy quilts they called her wares at the Exchange for Woman's Work, and a wonder arose among the sellers there. "Who has set the fashion in this kind of bed and pillow adornment?" was asked, "and why is it only Mrs. Winslow's work that is called for?" It is just probable that Halsey Field could have answered these questions.

One day, in the deliberate manner peculiar to him, he called upon Mrs. Winslow and asked her to become his wife.

"I will pay that debt," said he.

"Become the wife of a gambler? No, sir, never!"

He was not perceptibly embarrassed by the reply. Yet when he went away from her he bore with him a memory that haunted him for years—the recollection of the loathing expressed in her face when she refused to marry him often stung him to the quick.

Soon it was rumored that Steel Halsey was softening himself with alcohol, and there was general glee among the gamblers from whom he had won so much money, as they might now have a chance to win it back if he continued to gamble.

Strong drink, leads to the sewer, and at its mouth Halsey recovered his senses. He had been struck on the head with a billy by one of his enemies and had fallen in momentary unconsciousness into the gutter. He had a lucid interval that lasted long enough for him to notice the loathsome place in which he had fallen and swooned again as he was lifted into the ambulance.

For days the hospital surgeons and nurses despaired of his life, but one day without waning his consciousness returned. He convalesced rapidly and was soon pronounced out of danger. One day he woke from a doze with a start as if he had been called by name. Before his eyes was a shapely, delicate hand. It was quickly snatched away. He was too weak to lift himself suddenly. When he did rise on his elbow and look around there was nobody in the room but the nurse, who had just come in. She hastened to inquire what he wanted. He said he was only trying his strength, but he looked a sharp inquiry at her. She only smiled and cautioned him to be prudent or he would exhaust himself. Not many days afterward he was discharged as well.

"Hello, Halsey!" exclaimed a gambler, meeting him on the street. Halsey paused and shook hands.

"The Kitty has had no rival since you got that tap on the shoulder. We had begun to think we'd have to put you in the hall where the grim old banker Death drops his rake-off in the game of life."

"Well, I haven't been dropped among the other chips in Death's Kitty, but I was on the edge. However, I'm going to leave New York for awhile. I haven't been easy since Winslow shot himself, and I want to get out to the plains, where I'll have a fair chance with his ghost."

"Takes it hard," muttered the gamester as he watched Halsey's tall form until it was lost from view in the crowd.

Five years after Halsey left New York, Grandma Field, who had reached fourscore, made great preparations for the annual family dinner. At the table she placed a chair for Halsey as she had done every year for ten years. He had not come once to fill it, and she would not allow it to be taken away—nor any one else to sit in it. For more than five years no member of the family had heard of him, and he was probably on the other side of the globe.

On this occasion there were new chairs placed at the table. One of the sons of the family had married since the last feast and room had to be made for the bride. When one of the women suggested that the bride occupy Halsey's seat grandma got cross. So a chair was set for the new wife and another one was placed for Mrs. Winslow, who was also a guest at the Field family dinner.

One day Grandma Field was riding in her carriage and the Widow Winslow stopped it.

"Do you know anything of Halsey Field, madam?" she inquired.

"What do you know of him?" eagerly asked the old lady. "Get in and sit by me."

Mrs. Winslow complied and told of Halsey all she knew, concluding with:

"He disappeared from New York after he left the hospital and nothing has been heard of him there."

"How came you here?" asked the old lady suspiciously.

"For a rest from my work. It was only by accident I learned you were Halsey's grandmother," Mrs. Winslow replied frankly.

An intimacy sprang up between the two women, but its bond was kept a secret from the other members of the Field family, who all became very fond of the Widow Winslow. That was how she came to be at this dinner.

"Dinner is ready," Grandma Field announced. James Swanton, a cousin of Halsey's, escorted Mrs. Winslow to the table and was going to seat himself at her right.

"To the left, please, James. That seat is reserved," Grandma Field remarked quietly.

A tall man passed the window. Grandma Field had a caller. Grandma, who was seated at the head of the table, put on her spectacles to read the card the servant had brought.

"Halsey has come back," she announced, "and I am going to ask him to sit in the vacant seat. If any of you do not wish to meet him, retire now."

No one moved, and grandma rose and went to meet Halsey. Everybody at the table heard her effusive and affectionate greeting. James Swanton's heart sank. He was numbed by a conviction that his chances of possessing Grandma Field's farm were slight.

Halsey was greeted pleasantly by every one. He would not let them rise from their seats, saying cheerily:

"Don't trouble to shake hands. I have never been away from you. I, the boy Grandma Field used to caress, have always been here. The strange Halsey Field never visited you."

He was introduced to Mrs. Winslow, and went through the form with the gravity of a stranger and then took the vacant seat at her side. He began talking to grandma, said some flippant things to Mrs. Winslow and then fired a volley of questions at every one around the table. He even twitted the bride about not waiting for him, and on the whole seemed entirely at ease.

Grandma Field interrupted his flow of talk by asking:

"How did it happen, Halsey? We all want to know."

The silence that followed was evidence of the desire of Halsey's relatives to learn the story of his reformation.

"Well, grandma, I'll tell you. It was something of a romance. One night a fellow hit me and left me for dead in a New York street. One morning in the hospital I woke from a sleep, and there before my eyes was the prettiest hand you could imagine. It was a delicate hand and a shapely wrist seemed to connect it with an arm—I say seemed, because I did not see an arm. I looked all around for the person to whom the hand belonged but could find no one. So I came to the conclusion that an angel had been nursing me, and I concluded further that if I was worth the time of an angel I was worth something in this world. I quit gambling and went to the West, where I have now a nice little business."

As Halsey told the story a slight flush stole into Mrs. Winslow's cheeks. Halsey noticed it, but the attention of the others was fixed on him and they did not see it.

Grandma Field detained him as her guest, and he said he would remain at her house. He did not know that Mrs. Winslow too would not leave the house. Grandma Field had not told him that the widow was visiting her. Glad was his surprise therefore when the day ended, his brother and sisters and other relatives had gone, and he was left in the big sitting-room with Grandma Field and Mrs. Winslow.

Grandma Field, pleading weariness, retired early, and the two younger persons sat before the open fireplace in which lively flames scrambled over huge logs and leaped up the chimney after the smoke. For awhile Halsey and Mrs. Winslow talked of impersonal things. Abruptly he said:

"There is one hand I could win with."

"I thought you had quit gambling," said the widow.

"I have. But life is something of a chance, and I feel that if fortune dealt this hand to me there would be no doubt of my winning. It is the hand that bathed my forehead when I was ill."

"The hand of an angel? How could you expect to possess it?"

"By asking for it. By taking it thus." He took her hand gently in his. She did not with draw it.

"That is the hand that lifted me from the depths of a wicked life. It is the hand my eyes saw in their awakening. May it be mine?"

Slowly she withdrew her hand from his clasp and he thought her voice trembled as she said:

"You have made a mistake, Halsey. It was not that hand you saw."

Great was his anguish. He did not rise and frantically pace the floor, nor did he perform any conventional act expressive of pain. In a stupified way he stared at the coals in the fireplace and felt that his love must burn itself out as they were doing.

His cave stood. He could enter no other plea. He had risked it on the evidence of the slight blush that he had seen on her face when at the dinner table he told the story of the hand. To her he had said as much at least as that he loved the woman who had ministered to him in the hospital, and that women was not Mrs. Winslow.

As he gazed in the fire in a bewildered way a hand wonderfully like that he had seen in the hospital appeared before him. It had the same well-turned wrist. He thought his memory was unusually vivid; but another hand laid on his shoulder convinced him of the actuality of the hand before him, while a sweet voice asked:

"Is it possible, Halsey, with all your acuteness, that you never noticed that I was left-handed?"

Halsey to-day is often soothed by that pretty eft hand that he said belonged to an angel.

"No, Thank You, Tom."

They met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day.
And "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came;
She whispered, "No, no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone.
And won't you take my heart?" he said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed and said, "No thank, you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy;
She has the limit peg-top still
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,
"I've never brought you fame;"
She whispers, "No! no thank you, Tom,
You've loved me all the same!"

Literary Notes.

Swinburne's new volume is called Locrine.

Wm. Winter, the dramatic critic, is writing a life of Edwin Booth.

Lady Macdonald commenced in Murray's Magazine for October, the first part of an article on On a Canadian Salmon River, a subject which promises to be full of interest.

Francis Hodgson Burnett and her two boys have left England for Italy, where they will pass the winter. Mrs. Burnett is writing a sequel to her charming and famous story, Little Lord Fauntleroy.

In the club library.

First Swell—Who was Chateaubriand?

Second Swell—Bless me! I know. Oh! hold on! Wasn't he the fellow who invented some kind of a beefsteak?

As a modest intimation that the circus is in full bloom down South, this paragraph appears in the Pilot Point Mirror: "On Tuesday the editor put on his hard-boiled shirt and scissors-tailed coat and split the wind for Dallas."

Wm. L. Alden, for many years the humorist of the New York Times editorial page, and now Consul-General at Rome, is to shortly begin a new serial story for boys, titled The New Robinson Crusoe, which will be illustrated by Frederick Barnard.

In recently published reminiscences of Dickens it is told that one day the novelist picked up one of a pile of books that had just been sent. "Seems clever," he remarked, looking it over. "Good style. I suppose that I must read it." The next morning he said: "That's a very good book indeed, but unless I am mistaken, George Eliot is a woman." The book was Adam Bede, just published.

While a dozen novelists, of more or less note are willing to have their stories go around the world in a syndicate of newspapers, there is yet one man in England who refuses to submit to that method of publication, in spite of the pecuniary inducements which have been offered him, and which were no doubt large. That man is Mr. R. D. Blackmore author of Lorna Doone, whose love of letters is greater than his love of lucre.

It is melancholy, says the St. James's Gazette, to read that the inscription upon the tomb of G. P. R. James, at Venice, is, for the fee of £4, becoming rapidly obliterated. James spent the last eight years of his life as British Consul-General in the Adriatic, and died at Venice in 1860. The author of Darnley and some two hundred other volumes was far from being a genius, but his books were always healthy and often lively and picturesque. His half-dozen best books are fair examples of what is called the historical novel, and they still command a sale. Thackeray makes a very pleasant reference to him in one of the Roundabout Papers." It would assuredly be wrong to allow his tombstone to fall into decay for the sake of £4. James's mere industry entitles him to some measure of remembrance.

A new poet has arisen, a Miss or Mrs. Reice, who claims Baltimore as her home. A little book of her poems has just been issued by a Baltimore firm. One of her songs, A Wet June Day, is pretty. It runs:

Scents, sounds as of November fill the air;
Of myriad blossoms down wet pathways strown,
Of ragged leaves off steaming branches blown,
And dropped into dank hollows here and there.

Keen little gusts go whirling through the hush,
Driving the mist before them up the lane.
And, lo! the lovely world grows ours again!
The orchard fences, the one elder bush,
Prone with its white face in the thick drenched grass.
The rows of apple trees, guarled, dripping, sweet,
The highways with its pools agleam like glass.
Then, as still speeds the mists on shining feet,
Meadow and wood, peaked roofs,—beyond them shows
A windy west the color of a rose.

The Pall Mall Gazette recently published voluminous extracts from a new book entitled Darwin's Life, which will soon be issued. From these extracts it appears that Darwin as a child was naughty, and as a boy he was lazy. He left Shrewsbury School after seven years very little wiser than when he went there. He frankly avowed that he did not want to work because he knew that his father would leave him enough to live on. He was placed in charge of Doctor Brother, but his horror of the sight of blood and his repugnance to dissection prevented his becoming a doctor. After two years had elapsed his father concluded that he would not make a doctor, and designed him for the church. He was sent to Cambridge, where he led a dissipated life, gambling and neglecting his studies. The idea of his entering the ministry was ultimately abandoned. Darwin was passionately fond of music. He frequented the concerts in the college chapel, and paid the choir boys to sing in his rooms. Yet his ear was strangely defective. He was incapable of perceiving a dissonance, and could not hum a tune correctly. In 1839 Darwin became a deist and thereafter remained one. "Never in my most extreme fluctuations," he wrote, "was I an atheist. I never denied the existence of God."

The Consumptive and the Drunkard.

"Mother, I believe that I am dying," said a thin, wasted girl, looking up with her great melancholy eyes.

"No, my child, it cannot be. You have been growing better since morning. Don't you see? You are growing strong enough to raise your head from the pillow."

"I know, but I believe that I am dying. During the long months of my illness I have dreaded death, but I dread it no longer. This teaches me that I am dying. Take this book away. I shall need it no more."

"My darling do not distress me so. You are better, and it cannot be that you are dying."

"Yes, it can be—it is."

She lay for a time in silence. Her lips were closed, yet on her face there was the light of a smile. There is a strange blending of life and death in a consumptive. The colors are in the harmony of such perfect art that no line divides them—like the faint glow of a sun that is gone, and the glimmer of a star that lightly pours a silvery flood into the golden glow. With a consumptive, life carries a bright eye into the folds of death.

"Have you given fresh water to the birds?"

"Yes. Don't you see that you are better? No one who is dying, child, would think of a bird."

A young man softly entered, approached the bed and kissed the girl.

"Lillie," he said, "this was to have been our wedding day."

"Ah, yes; but death will be the bridegroom."

"My child, you must not talk so. George, she is much better to-day but she declares that she is dying."

"Nonsense my little girl," taking her hands. "I can see that you are improving."

"Prop me up that I may look out on the garden. There. Now, George, you sit over here. All the flowers seem to be in bloom. Did you ever notice, mother, that flowers and sunshine attend the death of those who slowly waste away?"

The mother attempted to change the subject, and the young man, gently stroking the girl's bright hair, said:

"Lillie is a strange child."

"Ease me down."

As softly as the air ceases to stir the leaves, she ceased to breathe.

* * *

In a city. An old man, drunk and ill-clad passed along.

"That old fellow has about reached the end of his row," some one remarked to an acquaintance.

"Yes, and he once had bright prospects, I understand. Strange that a man will throw himself away. Hello, a policeman has nabbed him."

Late at night the jailer called an officer:

"Say, Cap, that old fellow you brought in this afternoon is dead. I heard him muttering and went to him. 'Prop me up,' he said. I did as best I could, and looking up at the gaslight he said something about sunshine. Then he said, 'Ease me down,' and in a minute more he was dead. He passed away so easily that for a time I thought he was asleep."—*Opie P. Reade.*

Jessup Whitehead, the grastronomic writer, says his infallible test to know when fried potatoes are done is this: When first thrown into the fat they sink; when done they rise and float. After that it is only a question of how much color when they should be taken out.

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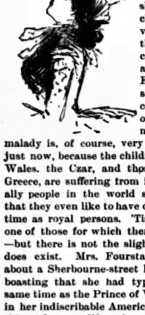
Fashion Gossip.



DEAREST LIZZIE.—Did you ever know such weather? One day like spring, all sunshine and blue sky, and the air like champagne, only so very much nicer; and the next all wintery cold; piercing wind and leaden clouds. Everyone is ill with something or other, cough, or toothache, or bronchitis, or the measels. This latter malady is, of course, very much the fashion just now, because the children of the Prince of Wales, the Czar, and those of the King of Greece, are suffering from it. There are actually people in the world so utterly snobbish that they even like to have diseases at the same time as royal persons. Tis a strange taste—one of those for which there is no accounting—but there is not the slightest doubt that it does exist. Mrs. Fourstars was telling us about a Sherbourne-street lady who is always boasting that she had typhoid fever at the same time as the Prince of Wales. Laurel said, in her indiscribable American way, on hearing this: "I guess I'd rather the Prince had had the lot to himself. I shouldn't have wanted to share. Some folks are queer." Have I told you that she is staying with us? She is the most awful girl to take into a shop that you ever heard of. To begin with, her voice is so large and important that it pervades the whole establishment, and turns every eye on its owner. Then she wants to see fifty things for every one she buys. If she only intends to purchase a pair of gloves, she will begin by asking the price of some dress or mantle on a stand, and then let herself gradually down to the gloves by a gentle gradation through bonnets, fur trimmings, hosiery, and haberdashery. When she does get to the gloves, she pulls them this way and that, tries each seam, and examines them between each finger. If a single stitch gives way she fixes a terrible eye on the salesman, as though she had detected him in a felony, and says: "Look HERE, young man," in a voice to match the eye. The presiding genius of the counter hands her another pair, and then the examining process is all gone through again.

In a Yonge-street store we were attended to by a girl whose face and manner expressed absolute indifference to a degree that exasperated Laurel. Fixing her eyes on the young woman, she said: "Are you above your place, or have you got a toothache?" I could never describe to you the immense amount of expression she compressed into that short sentence. I felt on the verge of shrieking with laughter, but Laurel was so solemn and the girl so abashed that I felt I must take the matter seriously, too.

We saw a truly delicious little garment at Phebe Smyth's. It was a woollen jacket in rough brown cloth, with a waistcoat made of sheepskin, all fluffy and white, and embroidered in gold and colors. It looked quite the coslest, warmest thing you can imagine. The sheepskin was dressed so that the pile was soft and short. In fact, it was more like woollen plush than any thing else that I can suggest. We also saw there a long mantle in copper-colored plush of beautiful cut, trimmed with astracan and dull, black-passementerie. The latter came over the sleeve in quite a new way, crossing it at at its junction with the mantle and falling upon the skirt at the side in a graduated point. The very high collar was composed entirely of astracan. The passementerie came in points to the waist.

Yes, dear, collars are as high as ever. They are are also as stiff as ever, being lined with buchram. There is a verse in Proverbs which tells the greedy man to put a knife to his throat, and I remember some one explaining it to mean that he was to wear the point of the knife almost touching his chin, so that he could not eat without cutting himself. Well, the greedy man would not need that plan if he only had one of the new stiff collars on.

A short mantle we were shown in golden-brown plush was highly tempting. The trimming was very rich and handsome gold-and-brown passementerie. This came round the shoulder in a novel and effective style, and was most becomingly arranged at the back. The neck and other outlines were edged with a wide band of undyed real fox.

A dress that we thought very good style had a plain skirt of black velvet, with Princess-shaped overdress of striped black moire, showing a black velvet bodice in front. A length of wide, fancy gold galloon came from the right shoulder under the moire, and crossing the velvet diagonally, fell in two long ends on the left side of the skirt. The collar was covered with similar galloon fastening at the right side where the long trimming began.

A tempting bonnet for a brunette was embroidered with gold on black velvet, and trimmed with folds of yellow velvet ribbon and cock's feathers. A perfectly sweet little bonnet was in two shades of gray cloth with bead embroidery and fringes to match, drooping towards the face. The brim forms a point above the forehead. Gray and white feathers commingled on the crown.

A very pretty turban hat and muff, similar to a set made in Paris for the Princess of Wales, are composed of sealskin and white cloth. On the top of the hat an upright quilling of cloth lined with silk, also white, looks just like the blossom of a cocksscomb. A bit of cloth is drawn down over the sealskin brim just in the middle of the front, in a way that is extremely becoming. The little muff is trimmed to match. This perfect little set would just suit you.

We went to the Campanini concert at the Gardens on Saturday and enjoyed it very much. There were some well-dressed women there. When Maud and I noticed how beautifully "groomed" some of them were about the head, we congratulated ourselves upon the fact that we had availed ourselves of the services of a hair-dresser for the occasion. It is well worth the trifling outlay to feel the delightful consciousness that one's head can rough it with the very best of the other heads present.

Do not omit, when donning evening dress, to tie around your neck a bit of ribbon of the color of either your gown or its trimmings. Tie it in a "cunning" little knot under the left ear. If you have a diamond clasp or lace pin to run through the center of the knot so much the better. We noticed a girl who had a white ribbon round her neck, and her long black gloves were tied above the elbow with similar ribbon. I do not think I liked it, but am not quite sure, for she disappeared so quickly in the crowd that I had not time to decide.

Evelyn sat next to her husband at the supper table at a party the other evening, and every one chaffed her unmercifully. As you are aware, dear, it is very unfashionable to be even seen at the same entertainment with one's husband, except at a dinner-party. To absolutely sit next him is a piece of primitive simplicity worthy the Garden of Eden, where, if you recollect there was no choice.

I think you will like this mode of cooking cod—a rather tasteless fish I also fancy:

Wash two nice and very fresh, rather thick cutlets, and sprinkle them slightly with salt. Put them (whole) into a deep dish, with a tablespoonful of olive oil, one of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of mixed spices, and one also of flower of mustard. Place the dish in a very hot oven for twenty minutes, then put in twelve oysters, a dessertspoonful of grated parsely, a little grated lemon-peel, and the sauce, which has to be made as follows: A wine glass of Chablis must be mixed with one of cream, one of liquor from the oysters (strained), and two tablespoons of finely-chopped shrimps. Cover the dish and leave it in the oven for another twenty minutes. The proper "garniture" for this is well washed, boned, scaled, and split anchovies, placed on thin strips of dry toast, the same length and breadth as the anchovies—'ladies' fingers," in fact.

Ever your loving cousin, GRACE.

Art and Artists.

For a city of its size and population Toronto is an artistic sloth. The average inhabitant gets his ideas of art from lithographed showbills and the wild flights of fancy indulged in by the ingenious individual, whose canvas is a pine fence and whose soul is inspired by instructions from the proprietor of a new brand of patent medicine. He grovels in green and soars aloft in a swirl of chrome yellow, with a swipe of blue across it to give variety. And this is art—for some people. It is like the old story of the fellow who looked on the cobalt sky and green hills and said: "Law! How lovely!" Then he bought a piece of blue chalk and another of green, drew two marks on a bit of Bristol board and said: "The colors are there. They are beautiful. There is some difference in detail, but the colors are the same. I am an artist." And he put his sign out.

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It seems strange too. We have beautiful homes here and plenty of rich and refined people, but there is not enough artistic cultivation in Toronto to touch a match to. Art is not understood here as it should be, all things considered. There are a few who know what good pictures are, and a few who buy them. But they are few indeed. Not in one out of twenty of our finest residences does one see anything on the walls worth looking at—rather the reverse. A cheap chromo and a wretched daub hang side by side, and the master of the house beams contentedly at them through a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses and patronizingly refers to them as his collection.

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Individually, artists can do but little to change the present state of things, and make the citizens properly realize their deplorable artistic ignorance. Artists have the same yearning for life as the coal-heaver and the dock-hand, but in Toronto the heaver and the hand have a better chance to cultivate the yearn. The artist who has aspirations that way has to go elsewhere, to communities where there is a better understanding of what constitutes art.

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The only store in Toronto devoted to the sale of pictures was compelled to close its doors the other day for want of support. And so it goes. Why, in a big human hive like this bustling city there should be custom enough for two or three art stores. Yet it couldn't support one. The people are not educated. If Mr. Sedelmeyer were to bring Munkacsy's big canvas, Christ on Calvary, here, from New York, and exhibit it at a dollar a head, all fashionable Toronto people would fall in speechless admiration. They would read the papers and tell their friends learnedly that it was grand, impressive, decorative, rich. They would cling limply to the guard-rail and whisper in awe-struck tones of the painter's broad methods and the picture's depth of tone and color. And if some vandal should replace Munkacsy's picture with a tenent lithograph, or, if the variest daub were exhibited by some fashionable wag, the discerning beholders would stop over with gurgling gush just the same. Great is art—I beg your pardon, madame, Fashion.

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It is a ghastly, horrible truth that there is not a picture gallery in town, with the exception of the one at the Normal School, which is filled with trash that reaches nothing. If the people of Toronto really desire to stimulate the growth of Canadian art, they should inaugurate a judicious system of Government patronage in which the selection of works of art should be instructed not to a committee of politicians, ignorant in art matters, nor even to artists and connoisseurs wedded to one idea, or who can see merit only in one particular school or one set of methods; but rather to a carefully-chosen permanent committee of men of broad cultivation, judicial minds, esthetic tastes, unimpeachable integrity, patriotism that includes the whole country in its scope, and a power of independent judgment that cannot be approached or swayed by the bribery of influence, nepotism or money. There are such men in every country. We surely have some here.

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In every city and in every town there should be a good public gallery of art, and free admission given to the public that all may be benefitted. Wherever suitable buildings are erected they will in time be filled by donations from able and liberal-minded persons. Why do we not hear more of the proposed Royal Canadian Academy Gallery to be erected in Toronto?

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The New York papers are filled just now with much talk on the nude in art, apparently with the intention of finding out just where nudity leaves off and indecency begins. The discussion has been brought about this time by Anthony Comstock, the agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who recently raided a bookseller's establishment and seized a number of photographic reproductions of nude pictures in the Paris salon. This gives A. C. Wheeler's biting pen a chance for an eloquent discourse on the nude in art. He writes: "I suspect that the morality which makes such an act as this of Mr. Comstock's possible and commendable is a sickly morality. It does not object to wrong-doing but to nakedness, and it makes the mistake immediately of supposing that nakedness in itself can be wrong-doing. I find this pharisaical error announcing itself in the pulpit, in the pietist press and in the conservative and genteelly religious circle. It only shows how that old leaven of Puritanism has lingered in our community and how it has retarded the art idea and the true conception of beauty. I have seen an American mother blush at the naked infant Christ in that immortal picture of the Madonna. I have heard a respected and eloquent preacher tell his congregation that nudity was sin, and that clothes added beauty and morality to the human form. Do you wonder that mothers blush in the presence of their own undraped offspring after this? These people have come to believe that vice is a condition, that cellular tissue is at enmity with Heaven; that in an advanced condition of gentility and parturition children will come into the world in dress suits and long skirts. It never occurs to them that immorality is an act of the mind. That to be immoral the innocent tissues must do something and that the doing is predicated of the responsible doer and the act judged of by the intent."

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The Ontario Society of Artists seems to be but half alive. Two exhibitions a year are not enough, and the hanging up of the same old pictures, again and again, shows a lamentable lack of enthusiasm on the part of the members of that body. I will have something more to say about the Society of Artists very shortly.

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The talented Canadian artist, Homer Watson, is in England at present. Mr. Watson has taken a foremost place in Canada amongst our andscape painters. Though he is self-taught, his canvases are vigorous and always pleasing in color and composition.

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Mr. T. N. Martin has returned from a sketching trip through to the Rockies, and shows some good bits of that wild and grand country.

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The march of improvement has ousted Dickson Paterson and W. Cruickshank out of their old studios in the Canada Life building on King street. Mr. Paterson has found pleasant quarters over the Merchants' Bank, quite the swellest studio in town, and Mr. Cruickshank is very comfortable in the Imperial Loan building next the post office.

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Toronto will soon have an artistic treat of unusual excellence, as Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith will, I understand, shortly exhibit the result of his summer's work here.

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Bridgman's studio is closed. He is in Paris with his son, who is studying art there and doing well, I hear. The father expects to return this month.

JIMMIE REMBRANDT.

He Was Like the Moon.

A plain-spoken country preacher in Texas was called upon to make a few remarks at the grave of a man who was somewhat unpopular, and who during his life was much addicted to drink. The preacher fulfilled his task in the following words: "With what shall I compare the deceased's remains? Shall I compare him with the sun? No, never. The sun blinds people with its brilliancy. The deceased never blinded anybody with his brilliancy. Shall I compare him with the stars? No, not with the stars that can only be seen at night. Our late friend could be seen both day and night at the saloons. I think, on the whole, we had better compare him with the moon. The moon gets full every once in a while, and so did the deceased. I've heard that the moon borrows its light, and so did the remains, for he smoked a great deal, and was always letting his cigar go out. Peace to his ashes."—*Texas Siftings.*

Three Follies of Men.

The wise old Comtesse de ——— used to remark that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was climbing trees to shake fruit down, when if they waited long enough the fruit would fall of itself. The second was going to war to kill one another, when if they only waited they would all die naturally. The third that they should run after women, when if they refrained from doing so the women would be sure to run after them.—*Voltaire*

Working It For All It's Worth.

Miss Clara—Mr. Featherly paid my eyes such a lovely compliment last night. Ethel.

Miss Ethel—Yes? Something about their being like diamonds, too brilliant for good taste at the breakfast table?

Miss Clara—Yes.

Miss Ethel—He told me the same thing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Sale Was Effected.

Miss Modesty (all confusion)—Please let me see some false hair.

Experienced Clerk—What color does your friend want?—*Philadelphia Times.*

Who Sent The Message?

There were five of us in the room and the talk had drifted on the making of fortunes in America. We each of us agreed to tell, in a strictly confidential way of course, how we had made our cash. I started off and related the particulars of how *my* million and a half had been accumulated, and then it came to the Chicago man's turn.

"Well," he began, "I don't often tell this story, as it is rather hard to get any one to believe it."

We all expressed proper astonishment at this, and the grain buyer from Milwaukee said it was the first time in his life that *he* had ever known a Chicago man's word to be doubted.

The Chicago man thanked us and proceeded:

"I will begin by showing you a couple of telegrams. You know, perhaps, that I am a stock broker in Chicago. I had a partner; the firm was Wiggins & Blunt then. The first of these telegrams is undoubtedly from Wiggins. The second—well, we'll speak of that later on.

Here the Blunt took from his pocketbook a couple of pieces of very much worn paper. He handed me the first after carefully unfolding it and I recognized the usual telegraphic form. It read:

Magnus Blunt, Board of Trade, Chicago:
"Leave Buffalo on the Lake Shore for home this evening."
J. E. WIGGINS.

I passed the message on and took the next one. After puzzling over it for a moment, I said:

"Well, I can't make much out of this."

"Read it out," suggested the Toledo man.

I read:

(Immediate, rush.)
Magnus Blunt, 368 Lowergrade ave., Chicago:
Selfwill laird shopwalker immeasurably utilization quandary posset two.
WIGGINS.

"Had the old man got drunk on Buffalo whiskey? I recognize the general effect of it," said the Milwaukee citizen.

"Pretty near as bad as Milwaukee beer," put in the Toledo man, with the natural jealousy of his town.

When the telegram had been passed round the Chicago broker took up his yarn.

"Wiggins and I had a cipher code. It was the familiar dictionary one. We each carried with us a small pocket dictionary and if there was an important message to send we sent it by that. Such codes have been unravelled, as in fact all ciphers may be, but we always found it the most convenient form and about as safe as any other.

"At the time I speak of the firm of Wiggins & Blunt was not as prosperous as we could have wished. Wiggins went down to Buffalo to see about a wheat deal we had on hand. We had speculated in wheat and railroad stocks and had made something and lost about an equal amount. We had no inside points and were working the market rather blindly, but Wiggins was a good man and for Chicago a safe man. He never risked too much and his judgment was very reliable. I was sure we would make a strike sometime soon, and in fact all we were doing was hanging on for the right time to strike.

"Wiggins had written to me the day before that he had not succeeded in getting the Buffalo people into the deal he had been organizing, but added that he had got some valuable pointers that more than repaid him for the trip. He said that I was to keep a keen eye on the markets, especially railroads, and be ready when he got back for a big thing. If the scheme was ripe, he wrote, before he could get back he would send me a dispatch and I was to go in on that for all I was worth and as much more as I was able to get a deal on. It was to be make or break this time and he staked reputation on it that it was to be a make. He said that of course he could not enter into particulars in a letter, but I was to clear the decks for action and strike quickly.

"This letter naturally put me on nettles, but all I could do was to keep track of things as well as possible and wait for Wiggins.

"After receiving the message that he was to leave for Chicago that night I went home and nothing more occured that evening, but almost at daylight I was wakened by a telegraph boy at the door and I got this second dispatch. You will notice the word 'two' at the bottom of it. That meant that I was to look up the words one by one in the dictionary and counting each word as one and the next one below as two, the third one was the key to that particular word. When the numeral appeared at the beginning of a dispatch I was to use the same method but count upwards. Sometimes if the dispatch was to be very secret numerals were run in the text, and in that case I was to take the last. I lit the gas, and getting the dictionary wrote out the dispatch. Here is a translation:

"'Sell Lake Shore immediately, utmost quantity possible.' You may be sure I had no more sleep that morning. When the paper came I looked up the stocks, although of course there was nothing there but what I had known before. Lake Shore was firm and to my notion it seemed a better property to buy than to sell. Still, as I said, I had great faith in Old Wiggins and I hoped his pointer was on good authority although who in Buffalo had been in a position to know more about stocks than was known in Chicago I couldn't for the life of me tell."

"Oh, Buffalo isn't so slow as some people would like to make out," said the party from that city.

"No," replied the jealous Toledo man, "slowness implies *some* movement however imperceptible."

"Well, it don't go backwards like Toledo," said the man from Milwaukee.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" I cried, "no more of this. All lake cities are great, especially Detroit. Let the man from Illinois go on with his story."

"I was the first man in the Board of Trade building that morning. I was rather nervous, but sold Lake Shore stock as if I owned the road and could deliver it on the spot. I engaged several others to sell for me as well, and those who had confidence in the stock seemed to think it was a concerted movement to bear it and they rallied to its support, so that instead of going down under the pressure the stock crept slowly up. At last the amount I had sold began to appal me. My hair commenced to rise as I realized what a rise of a few cents would do for us.

"I began to wish that Wiggins would show up, and I concluded not to sell any more until he came.

"At this moment one of the biggest operators on the board got a dispatch that evidently made him wince. He had bought heavily, and after strutting round as though nothing had happened he began to cover. More telegrams came in, and before five minutes the news was every one's property. At midnight the express from Buffalo had gone down at Ashtabula and it was said at first that not a passenger had escaped. The bottom dropped clear out of Lake Shore stock as quickly as the bottom had dropped out of that bridge. I knew that it was the train that Wiggins had been on, and I chuckled at his presence of mind in getting the message through. It had probably gone through before messages had been stopped and as it was in cipher the operator had not objected to it, although I don't know as that would have mattered for it said nothing about the accident. I was not alarmed about my partner as I had had the message from him after the accident."

"Was he hurt at all?" inquired the Milwaukee man.

"That is what we never found out. I have never seen Wiggins since. It was generally supposed that he was killed and burned with the others. I went to Ashtabula, but never got any trace of him or his body. Yet his friends in Buffalo saw him off on that train."

"Then who in Heaven's name sent the dispatch?" cried the Toledo man.

"You've got me there again," replied Mr. Blunt.—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

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HOSIERY, TOO—GRAND DISPLAY. NEVER SUCH BARGAINS OFFERED BEFORE. LINES TO SUIT EVERYBODY, FROM BABIES TO GIANTS.

RIBBONS ARE DIFFERENT COLORS AND DIFFERENT WIDTHS, AND THE PRICES SOMETIMES DIFFER. THIS TIME FROM NO. 5 TO NO. 16 HAPPEN TO BE GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE. WE WON'T TELL YOU WHY. THE GOODS ARE HERE AND THE PRICE IS THE SAME BY THE YARD. THERE ARE OTHER RIBBONS IN THE DEPARTMENT, BUT NOT OF THIS LINE, WHICH VARY IN PRICE.

LINEN COLLARS—FOR LADIES, SOMETIMES COTTON. THE LINE OF WHICH WE SPEAK IS LINEN. THE PRICE, WHEN YOU SEE THEM, WILL PLEASE YOU. WE WON'T TELL YOU JUST NOW WHAT IT IS. COME AND SEE THEM. THE SIZES WILL SUIT YOU. THE NUMBERS ARE DIFFERENT. IN ANOTHER CORNER YOU WILL FIND LINEN DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS, IN THE PIECE. TABLE CLOTHS FROM DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE. SOME ARE LINEN, SOME ARE OTHER KINDS, IT DEPENDS ON THE IDEA OF THE PURCHASER WHAT KIND YOU BUY. SEE THEM AS THEY ARE ON EXHIBITION. PRICES ARE GRADED TO SUIT THE PURCHASER, AND ALSO GRADED TO SUIT THE TABLE. IN THIS DEPARTMENT ARE TO BE FOUND SHEETINGS, COTTONS, AND OTHER GOODS TO SUIT THAT DEPARTMENT.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS ON THE THIRD FLOOR. LACE CURTAINS, MADE BY DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES. THE COLORINGS ARE DIFFERENT, ACCORDING TO THE IDEAS OF THE MAKERS—GERMAN, FRENCH, ENGLISH IDEAS, WHICH YOU WILL FALL IN WITH WHEN YOU SEE THEM.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT—BLANKETS ARE A VERY IMPORTANT ITEM, SUPERFINE QYALITY, MEDIUM QUALITY AND COMMON QUALITY. THE PURCHASERS CAN HAVE WHAT THEY WANT—WE DON'T MENTION PRICES THIS TIME. THE PRICES ARE ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE QUALITIES OF THE GOODS. THE PRICE YOU PAY DEPENDS ON THE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF THE BLANKET. COMFORTERS ARE PADDED WITH WOOL, AND SOME WITH COSEY SHODDY—THE OUTSIDE LOOKS BETTER THAN THE INSIDE. EIDERDOWN ARE OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, BUT MORE EXPENSIVE—THE INSIDE IS EQUAL IN APPEARANCE TO THE OUTSIDE. WE HAVE DIFFERENT KINDS, PRICES AND SIZES.

MANTLES—NEW STYLES, NEW SHAPES, NEW TRIMMINGS REIGN IN THIS DEPARTMENT. GOODS ARE MANUFACTURED FOR THIS DEPARTMENT IN LOW, MEDIUM, AND FINE GRADES; IN SIZES, LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S.

CLOTH DEPARTMENT IS ALSO OPEN WITH GOODS FOR MAKING UP AT HOME. THEY HAVE TRIMMINGS OF DIFFERENT KINDS IN CLOTH AND FUR—FUR MUFFS, CAPES, ETC. SOMETIMES FUR CAPES ARE HIGH IN PRICE, SOMETIMES VERY LOW. THIS TIME WE HAVE TO RECORD A SPECIAL LINE OF 16 AND 18 INCH FUR CAPES. WE SAY THE PRICE IS LOW—WE WON'T TELL YOU WHAT IT IS—THEY ARE TOO CHEAP TO MENTION. COME AND SEE THEM OPEN. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT CONVENIENT TO COME TO THE STORE TO SEE THEM, SEND A POST-CARD, GIVING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, ASKING THE PRICE. MENTION THE SIZE YOU WANT. ONE FEATURE WHICH RUNS ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE—LADIES FROM A DISTANCE ORDERING GOODS, AND FIND THE GOODS TO BE NOT WHAT THE INTENTION WAS, CAN RETURN THEM, AND THE MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN ALL CASES.

MILLINERY—COVERS A LARGE SPACE ON THE SECOND FLOOR, EAST END. THIS SPACE WOULD NOT GIVE ANY IDEA OF THE EXTENT, OR VARIETY, OR STYLE WE SHOW THIS SEASON. INSTEAD OF, AS FORMERLY, FOUR OR FIVE STYLES, WE HAVE NOW CLOSE UPON A HUNDRED, SUCH IS THE EXTENT AND EXCELLENCE OF THE MILLINERY SELECTION. SUCH IS THE VARIETY OF THE TRIMMINGS. SUCH IS THE VARIETY OF LADIES' HATS, WHICH WE ARE SELLING FROM TEN CENTS EACH, ANOTHER LINE TO WHICH WE DRAW SPECIAL ATTENTION IS BEING OFFERED TO-DAY FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH. WE WON'T SAY HOW MUCH THEY ARE WORTH. OR HOW MUCH THEY OUGHT TO BE WORTH; THE PRICE TO-DAY IS 10c. AND 25c.

DRESS GOODS.—SILKS, VELVETS, PLUSHES, SATINS, LININGS AND TRIMMINGS TO MATCH. THIS DEPARTMENT IS ON THE GROUND FLOOR. IS EASY OF ACCESS, AND IN IT WILL BE FOUND THE RAREST BARGAINS WE HAVE EVER OFFERED. LADIES VISITING THIS DEPARTMENT WILL KINDLY GIVE AS MUCH TIME AS POSSIBLE TO THE DIFFERENT LINES THAT ARE OFFERED FOR SALE. THEN DIFFERENT QUALITIES, DIFFERENT MAKES, AND ALL AT THE SAME PRICES; ALSO POOR QUALITIES WITH NOMINAL PRICES. MAKE UP YOUR MINDS TO TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES, CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES, CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES—WHAT IS IT THAT BOYS AND GIRLS AND MOTHERS UNDERSTAND BY CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES? CARISTMAS NOVELTIES ARE HERE IN ABUNDANCE. THE TIME IS SHORT, THE GOODS ARE FAST PASSING OUT. MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS EARLY, (A WORD TO THE WISE). IN CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES ALL THE BULKY ARTICLES ARE DOWN IN THE BASEMENT—SUCH AS HOBBY-HORSES, ROCKING-HORSES, BOYS' WAGONS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &C., GIRLS' DOLLS, AND ALL BULKY STYLE ARE ON EXHIBITION IN THE BASEMENT. TAKE THE STAIRS AT THE YONGE STREET ELEVATOR, OR THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

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Chat From The 'Varsity.

Another annual session of the court of the Grand Mufti was held in the quad. at midnight, Wednesday. The secret orders of the Mufti's agents had been so darkly and mysteriously executed, and the necessary preparations for the trials so adroitly completed, that up to the evening of the day appointed, scarcely one of the unwary freshmen suspected that the entertainment was coming off, except those victims who had been silently but surely consigned to their cells to await the jurisdiction of the court. Attracted to the scene of action by the howls of indignation on the part of the seniors towards the victims, as charge after charge was brought up by the prosecuting attorney, I found myself in the presence of that august and awe-inspiring body. The counsel for the prosecution in sepulchral tones charges the trembling freshman with "wearing a cane!" thus infringing on the law duly entered on the Mufti's statute-book that "no freshman shall ever appear in such dress." Another had committed the enormous offence of spitting upon the lawn, thus incurring the charge of attempt with malice prepense to turn the said lawn into a skating rink. Even this offence is aggravated by the fact that the freshman curls his hair. The Mufti's sentence is intended to make him curl his toes as well, and after being run through the exciting gallop, the oath is duly administered and the culprit discharged. Another freshman atones for the gross offence of wearing a new felt hat into a Biological lecture by rolling on the ground before the throne singing a verse of the Undergraduate's Lament, and swearing never to commit the offence again. One freshman had actually objected to being hustled, and between his teeth had sworn that he and the senior hustler would meet again. They were meeting again. Many and various charges were preferred and established beyond a doubt, while the judgment of the court was summary and the punishments inflicted most salutary. A respect for law and order is thus preserved, which is of such great importance in this age of anarchy; and nothing could induce me, so far, to disclose the true inwardness of the Mufti's session, but the consciousness that such a disclosure may act as an awful warning to future freshmen. But there are secrets in connection with the court's procedure which must be revealed to none except those interested in exacting penalties due to such grave offences to their dignity. The sentences of the court, in spite of some slight objections, were effectually and thoroughly carried out, and it may be added that each prisoner's case was most ably pleaded pro and con. The court adjourned at 1 a.m., to meet one year from date.

*

The freshmen are wondering whether they are going to get an invitation from the professors to any of those little "gaudeamus's," as they have been called, which have, until lately, been of quite frequent occurrence. The freshman there dons for the first time his new swallow-tail, and it is needless to say distinguishes himself socially. The seniors are aware of some events that have occurred during the last year or two to prevent some of the professors from allowing the students the privilege of becoming acquainted with them socially. All are agreed that in past years these have formed a most enjoyable feature of college life.

*

The students are becoming alive to the necessity of depending somewhat less on books and more upon their own wits, sharpened by contact with the outside world. Remarks have appeared in certain journals from ladies in the city who entertain the students, complaining of the gaucherie of the majority of them in a drawing-room. But probably as the first of these appeared in the Knox College Monthly, the reference is to the Knox students. In any case it is not at all to a hard-working student's discredit if he does not exhibit the nonchalance and easy grace of the Gay Dasher.

*

The following personal appears in the October number of the North Carolina University Magazine: "During the vacation, Prof. —— was fortunate enough to be able to change his estate of single misery for one of compound bliss, Miss Lizzie, the accomplished daughter of our late State Geologist, Prof. ——, assisting. Many returns!" Is the North Carolina University preaching Mormonism, or have I understood "returns" in the wrong sense?

*

Chess and checkers are the games indulged in at the Y. M. C. A. reading room.

*

C. S. Kerr, '88, has taken Mr. G. D. Wilson's place as teacher of Classics and English at Uxbridge until Christmas. Mr. Wilson will teach Classics at Ridgetown.

*

The Glee Club has received several invitations to furnish music at public debates, concerts, etc., this year. On Friday of last week they sang two choruses at the Intercollegiate debate at Osgoode Hall and again at Trinity College last evening. They will sing in the Pavilion on Dec. 8th at a concert in aid of the Boys' Home. An invitation from the Central Prison, I believe, was respectfully declined. They are at present practising for their own conversazione in February. Most of the music this year is taken from advance sheets of the new Song Book. This, according to advertisement, was to have appeared about the beginning of September, but the advance sheets are all we have seen yet. It is doubtful if the book will be able to meet the high expectations that its wide advertisement and delayed publication must have excited. However, the committee, of which Messrs. J. E. Jones, F. B. Hodgins, W. J. Healy and J. D. Spence are leading spirits, have expended a great deal of unrewarded labor upon the undertaking, and it is to be hoped that the work will meet with the success it deserves. Many of the new songs are already popular among the students.

*

Mr. G. Waldron, '88, distinguished himself in Peterboro' the other day. He was filling a teacher's place there for a short time, and the police magistrate—in his capacity, however, of school trustee—undertook to evict him on Monday morning without giving the necessary week's notice. His language to Mr. Waldron was of such a nature as to bring the hand of the latter in contact with the back of his neck. After a rather vigorous shaking, he succeeded in getting free, and left Mr. Waldron master of the situation.

The following paragraph is from an article in an American magazine on "Social Life in Yale," which is so applicable here that I need offer no apology for reproducing it: "The class of young ladies known among the students as 'college widows,' and commonly supposed to have the acquaintance of several generations of collegians, is not larger in New Haven than elsewhere. Let a girl once get such a reputation, however, whether justly or unjustly acquired, she can bid good-bye to all hopes of wedding a college man. A fellow may enjoy her company; he may call on her; he may pay her sufficient attention to ordinarily justify a popular suspicion of an engagement—but he rarely or never marries her." TOGA.

The Officers' Mess.

I attended the recent inspection of the Queen's Own and the Royal Grenadiers. It was perhaps the most satisfactory inspection ever made in Toronto. To any one who knew anything of what inspections had hitherto been it was a pleasant surprise. Lt.-Col. Otter did not only review the two Toronto battalions, but inspected them; and though the inspection was as thorough as the time permitted, both regiments acquitted themselves as the two crack corps of Ontario might be expected to do.

*

The senior and junior majors of the Queen's Own and Captain Sankey were chosen to put the Queen's Own through, and they showed satisfactorily their acquaintance with the Field Exercises.

*

Lt.-Col. Otter's address to each regiment was something more than the ordinary address of an inspecting officer. I notice that he did not neglect finding fault when fault-finding was for the good of the inspected; nor did he forget to praise what was praiseworthy.

*

A part of the inspecting officer's address which deserves special mention was that in which he alluded to the absence of knowledge by city corps of that training which can only be obtained in barracks or in camp. He said he intended to recommend in his next report that city regiments should go into camp once in every two or three years. It seems to me, however, that though it would be desirable for these reasons that city regiments should have the advantages of camp, yet it ought to be considered that many of the best men would have to take their discharge if such a regulation were in force, as they could not spare the time. Perhaps it would be better to say that the majority of the men would object to spending their holiday in this way.

*

Lt.-Col. Grasett did not command the Grenadiers, but was on the ground to see how the Grens. had improved the time during his absence in England.

*

Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Grasett were at the saluting base.

*

Lieuts. Burtch and Lambe were in charge of the colors of the Grenadiers, which I noticed some of the staff officers forgot to salute in passing along the line.

*

Captain Baldwin's cavalry movements were much admired.

*

Lieut.-Colonel Gilmour (retired list) was in parade as usual to see the regiment of which he was formerly the commanding officer.

*

The inspection and parade passed off without an accident. Last year there were several.

*

The Queen's Own were 500 strong in ten companies, and the Grenadiers mustered 375 strong in eight companies.

*

I met two of the officers attached to "C" Company, R. S. I., on King street, yesterday. They say the present course is a small one. There are only seven attached officers at the New Fort Barracks.

*

It is said that one or two of the attached subaltern officers are learning to play whist. One is an apt pupil.

*

Lieut.-Colonel Smith, the commandant of the School at London, will commence recruiting early in the new year.

*

Major Vidal has entered on his duties as Captain of "C" Company. He is a popular and efficient officer.

*

It is understood that Mr. Wadmore is to be removed to London.

*

Mr. Lear, the Adjutant of "C" Company, is on leave. Galt is at present his address.

*

A road is being built from Strachan avenue to the New Fort Barracks, which will be a great convenience to those who for any reason visit the Fort.

*

I notice that Captain W. B. McMurrich is the only officer now of the Toronto Garrison Artillery. It seems to be the fate of this battery to have only one officer most of the time. Capt. McMurrich has, I know, been trying for some time to obtain the consent of the Minister of Militia to raising a brigade of Garrison Artillery in Toronto. It seems a pity that if proper officers are obtainable this should not be given. Toronto is in a better position to support such a brigade than Montreal. Perhaps, however, the blame cannot all be placed on the shoulders of the Minister of Militia.

*

The 13th Battalion, Hamilton, is doing as well as could be expected, considering the disadvantages it labors under since the burning of the shed and equipments last year. The temporary headquarters are entirely unsuitable for any drill purposes except squad drill, so the streets have to be utilized. This trouble however, is one which will be soon over, as when the new drill-shed is completed the regiment will have most suitable quarters in conjunction with the Hamilton Field Battery. The 13th should be well officered, as all the officers, except five second lieutenants, (three of whom were appointed recently), are qualified. An excellent serjeant drill instructor was secured this fall in the person of Sergt. Major Munroe, from "C" Company Infantry School, and the good results of his training are already visible. The 13th is one of the crack corps in rifle shooting, and this branch has been well attended to this year, Col. Gibson, M. P.P., who is a famous shot himself, insisting on every man putting in his ball practice during the annual drill. Capt. Adam has been entrusted with the duties of musketry instructor and performs them well. The twenty-first annual rifle matches of the 13th were held at the Victoria Rifle Ranges, and a prize list amounting to over $400, besides several cups, was competed for. Several new shots came to the front, notably Pte. J. R. Adam, (a son of the musketry instructor), who carried off the first prize in the senior match, which carries with it the D. R. A. medal. I understand the annual inspection will come off soon, when further news of this corps will be given.

*

Rumor has been busy for some time past as to a change in the command of the 77th Batt., Wentworth. When the Senior Major, (who, by the way, has been a Brevet Lieut.-Colonel since May '77), took a course at "C" school this summer, it was thought that he would shortly be handed over the command, the present Colonel having held it since 1872, a goodly term. Lieut.-Colonel Gwyn, who is also mayor of the town of Dundas, has been very low for some time with typhoid fever, but last accounts report him to be on the mend. No. 2 Co., Waterdown, has been struggling on for some time with only one officer, the captain, but he has left for the Western States, and it is not likely that he thought of forwarding his resignation before leaving, but the Company is none the less orphan for that omission.

*

The Hamilton Field Battery, one of the oldest corps in the service, is keeping up its reputation well. The officers ranks are filled, excepting those required for staff duty, and it has an excellent sergeant instructor in Sergeant Major Kerley from "B" Battery. All the officers have taken qualifying courses, and take great pains training their men. A most successful rifle match was held recently, and some good scores were made despite a high and choppy wind. SUB.

At the Photographer's.

"Do I look all right, Mame?"
"Yes; splendid."
"I just know I'll laugh right out."
"No, you mustn't; that would spoil everything."
"Oh, I think it horrid to have one's photo taken. I'd rather have a tooth pulled any day."
"So would I."
"I never do take a good picture."
"Nor I; mine are horrid always."
"If these are not good I'll never sit again. How does my hair look?"
"Ever so nice."
"I'm so nervous. I just know I'll spoil everything."
"No; you mustn't; you'd just have to sit again."
"Don't you dare look at me, Mame, or I'll giggle right out."
"Oh, I'm going to get behind the screen and point my finger at you all the time."
"Oh if you do!"
"See if I don't."
"You shan't even stay in the room."
"I will to. It'll be such fun."
"Oh, you mean thing! Do you think this dress will take well?"
"Yes indeed."
"I do hope the jet trimmings will show well. I can't decide what position to assume."
"I'd have a side view."
"Would you? But I'm so long-faced."
"No you're not."
"Oh, but I am; and—oh, they're ready for me. I dread it so."
"Pshaw! I wouldn't mind it a bit."
"Yes, you would. Now, don't you dare look at me."
"I will too."
"Mame!"
"Oh, I will!"
"I'll laugh right out, sure."
And she does. She spoils two or three plates by "giggling right out," and she goes away declaring that she "just knows" she'll look "too perfectly awful for anything in the picture."

It is living through such scenes as these daily that causes photographers to have a worn and faded look, and makes them old before their time. Many of them break down under the strain and die young.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Change of Heart.

Omaha Man: "My gracious! We'll be late. Get your things on."

Wife: "My dear, it's raining pitchforks, and the wind is blowing a hurricane."

"We have strong umbrellas."

"My dress will be ruined."

"Wear your waterproof."

"And you know you have a cold."

"I can wear rubbers; I wouldn't miss that opera for—"

"Opera? This is not opera night; it's prayer-meeting night."

"Oh! I wonder if our preacher thinks people are idiots enough to stir out of the house such a night as this."—*Omaha World.*

THE MARKET BULLETIN.

Barley keeps about the same,
No change in price of wheat,
The price of Furniture is down
At WALKER'S, on QUEEN STREET.

Hogs show a slight improvement,
While hay is rather quiet:
The low price of clothes at WALKER'S
Is causing quite a riot.

Butter is still upon the rise,
Eggs are scarce and small,
And WALKER on his Household Goods
Still makes the prices fall.

The trade in STOVES is on the boom,
CARPETS, BLANKETS, RUGS, the same;
At the Pioneer Payment Store,
WALKER is the name.

And so the market fluctuates—
Prices sometimes up, then down;
But WALKER keeps the same all through—
The cheapest man in town.

No matter how the markets go up, WALKER, the Universal Benefactor, keeps his prices away down, and can sell you anything you require—from a drawing-room Suite to a Door Mat.

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTH, LAMPS, CROCKERY-WARE, STOVES, NOBBY SUITS, THICK OVERCOATS, JACKETS, MANTLES—all at spot cash prices, and will only ask you for a small payment down, the balance by WEEKLY OR MONTHLY INSTALMENTS, to suit yourselves.

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WEEKLY PAYMENT STORES
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MONDAY, DEC. 5th
SATURDAY MATINEE ONLY.

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RETURN OF THE CHARMING COMEDIENNE,
The Idol of the Fun-Loving Public
MISS
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CASTLETON
And her Famous Company of Comedians, presenting the convulsive laughing success,
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PATCH
Third Season! Funnier Than Ever!

CRAZY PATCH is the definition of ONE PROLONGED LAUGH, which lasts TWO HOURS AND A HALF, with a BREATH MARK between each act.

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MATINEES EVERY
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GRAND PRODUCTION OF
BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S
GRAND PLAY, THE
WHITE
SLAVE
The New York Star Cast,
Entirely New and Magnificent Scenery,
Startling Mechanical Effects and the Wonderful
RAIN STORM OF REAL WATER
10 cts, 20 cts, 30 cts, & 50 cts.
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Any operation known to modern dentistry skilfully performed.

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Notes About Horses.

At this season of the year when all the thoroughbreds have gone into winter quarters, and the drivers are unable to come to the front on account of the execrably bad state of the roads, horse talk is almost nil.

The snow fall of Sunday has effectually put a stop for the present, at least, of all fast work, both for trotters and runners; and as the season has closed it may not be amiss to review the performances of some of the many good ones owned in the Queen City, in which, I am proud to say, there are as many lovers of this noble animal as in any city of its size on the continent. At the spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club there was no doubt the best class of thoroughbreds that ever faced the starter in Canada. Among them may be mentioned J. E. Seagram's Lelex, by Lelaps-Warrel, the winner of the Merchants' in Kentucky, 1881, who ran 1¼ miles in the fast time of 1:56; Robert Bond's Bonnie Duke, the dual winner of the Queen's guineas and the Canadian-bred handicap; W. E. Owen's Geo. L., who also placed two victories to his credit; W. Hayden's Rhoddy Pringle, who has since turned many a dollar for his owner on the other side of the lines; F. Burgess' Brait, the speedy son of Princeton and Roxaline; Wm. Hendrie's Bright Star, by Big Sandy-Eastern Star; Mr. Dymond's Lucy Lightfoot, who placed to her credit both steeplechases; and W. Ward's Mandamus, by John Morgan—Duett, who captured the gentlemen's heavy-weight race. It would be hard outside of the large associations to find a better class of horses or a class that reflected more credit on the trainers this early in the season.

Besides the owners of thoroughbreds, there is a very strong contingent in Toronto who have a fancy for the long-tailed fellows that show their speed between the shafts, and are willing to pay any reasonable price to secure a driver or a team that can show the way to the rest of the boys. Among the owners of our best teams may be mentioned Mr. Wm. Christie, whose great team Katie C. and mate are the envied of all horsemen of the city; Mr. Wm. Dixon, who, when he holds the ribbons behind Photographer and Little Hero, does not take much dust from any one, and Mr. Chas. Brown with the ever reliable Park and Hulett will give most of them an argument for the right of way. Any fine afternoon when the Woodbine is in any kind of shape these, and many more, may be found trying the pace of their respective favorities, and many a sharp tussel that the average sport never hears of is the result. I will review more of the thoroughbred and driving horses at a later date.

Does it pay to breed good horses? is a question often asked, I think it does, and for the information of those who doubt it give a list of a few which have brought long prices. The Dwyer Bros. paid $29,000 for Dewdrop, $17,500 for Pontiac, and $13,000 for Winfred; Pierre Lorillard paid $17,500 for Drake Carter; Belmont paid $17,500 for Raceland, and $10,000 for Geo. Oyster. Walter H. sold for $10,000. I think these figures will remove any doubts as to the fact that it does pay well to breed the right sort of horses.

One of the most prominent horses in the hunting field here this fall is the California-bred horses Alf. Estill, five years, by Norfolk, out of imported Lady Jane. He has shown himself very clever in his new line of business, and, should he train well next spring, he will perform over the Rockaway jumps, and with his turn of speed will, no doubt, prove successful between the flags.

J. D. Matheson's B. C. Harry Cooper by Long Taw-Maumee, has been blistered on both forelegs. The chemist is willing to back him for a few centuries against any named horse in the Queen's Plate next spring.

Mr. J. E. Seagram, of Waterloo, has a good youngster in his two-year-old filly Vichino, by Strachmo-Bonnie Vick. Although she has not been saddled more than a dozen times, she galloped a quarter of a mile in 24¾ the other day, and the track muddy at that. She should be close to the winner of the plate if she does not reach the wire first.

The great race horse Drake Carter, by Ten Broeck-Platena, (bred by Frank Harper, of Midway, Ky., who sold him to Green Morris, who trained and ran him in his two, three, and four year old farm, and was then bought by Pierre Lorillard for the enormous sum of $17,500), is now owned in this city. He ran three miles at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 6th, 1884, with 115 pounds up, in 5.24, the fastest three miles on record to that date, and which has never been equalled since. He will probably face the starter again next season. OLD SPORT.

A New Story of Vanderbilt.

A veteran Boston broker tells the listener of the Boston *Transcript* this story of Commodore Vanderbilt, which he does not believe has ever been in print:

"A good many years ago, just about the time that Commodore Vanderbilt was building up the New York Central, a certain young man in Boston came into possession, by the death of a relative, of the tidy sum of $20,000. Twenty thousands dollars was more money then than it is to-day, and this young man had visions of wealth untold. He studied the small local stock list in my office day after day without coming to any conclusion. At last one day, seized by a brilliant thought, he broke out:

"'John, I'm going to see Vanderbilt about it.'

"'About what?'

"'About placing my money.'

"I thought this was the maddest idea that ever entered a human head. I told him that the Commodore wouldn't waste twenty seconds on a twenty thousand investment. But he would not be dissuaded, and one night about ten o'clock, he rang the door-bell at the Vanderbilt residence. After some delay a servant answered and demanded his business.

"'Here is my card,' said the young Bostonian, 'Mr. John Smith, Boston. Tell the Commodore that I must see him to-night, on business of the utmost importance.'

"'Mr. Vanderbilt is about to retire,' responded the servant. 'You had better come in the morning.'

"'It may be too late then for both him and me, I must see him to-night for only five minutes.'

"The servant disappeared, only to return with the message from the Commodore that he would see Mr. Smith if the business was of the utmost importance. The Bostonian followed the servant up into a little dressing-room, where stood the Commodore wrapped in a flannel garment of the night. He had evidently got out of bed to receive the visitor.

"'Well, young man, what do you want?' was the Commodore's impatient question.

"'Commodore Vanderbilt I have recently come into possession of $20,000, and have come on to New York to ask you information about the stock market.'

"'What the blank-blank do you come to me about the stock market for? Why don't you go to some stock broker?'

"'Because you are the stock market yourself, Commodore!'

"'Look here, Mr. Smith,' said the mollified Commodore, 'I admire your cheek. I think it deserves encouragement. Go down to Wall street to-morrow morning early. Put your $20,000 and as much more as you can raise into New York Central. Don't ask me why, but go and do it. It's a sickly thing now, but it ain't going to be long. Lock up your stock and let it alone; never mind what anybody tells you. Now get out.'

"That young man came back to Boston and narrated his experience.

"'Did he follow the Commodore's advice? No. He said he wasn't going to let Vanderbilt gobble up his $20,000. He put it into mining stocks and lost every cent of it."

Together.

We two in the fever and fervor and glow
Of life's high tide have rejoiced together,
We have looked out over the glittering snow,
And knew that we were dwelling in Summer weather.
For the seasons are made by the heart, I hold,
And not by out-door heat or cold.

We two in the shadows of pain and woe,
Have journeyed together in dim, dark places,
Where black-robed Sorrow walked to and fro,
And Fear and Trouble with phantom faces
Peered out upon us and froze our blood,
Though June's fair roses were all in bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights,
We have bathed in tears, we have sunned in laughter.
We have known all sorrows and all delights—
They never could keep us apart hereafter,
Wherever your spirit was sent I know
I would defy earth—or heaven—to go.

If they took my soul into Paradise
And told me I must be content without you,
I would weary them so with my lonesome cries,
And the ceaseless questions I asked about you—
They would open the gates and set me free,
Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

The Trouble with People.

The trouble with a good many men is that they spend so much time admiring their own ability that they don't let other people have a chance to see that they have any ability to admire.

The trouble with a great many women is that they can't find some particular selected man who will appreciate them as they feel in their palpitating hearts that every woman should be appreciated.

The trouble with a good many girls is that they don't find out what they want until some time after they have had the sad conclusion forced upon them that what they want doesn't want them.

The trouble with a good many boys is that they think the red grapes that grow on a neighbor's vine, and that have to be picked after dark, are a good deal sweeter and better than the ripe black grapes that grow on their own vines and can be gathered in the bright sunlight of publicity.

The trouble with a great many readers is that they don't understand how much easier it is to point out a tree in a magnificent landscape that is a hair's breadth out of perspective than it is to paint the magnificent landscape itself.

The trouble with most of the horse-car conductors is that they haven't eyes enough in the back of their heads to satisfy the public.

The trouble with a good many of the school teachers is that the present school year is divided wrong; instead of being forty weeks school and twelve weeks vacation they think it should be forty weeks vacation and twelve weeks school.

The trouble with two-thirds of the boys and girls in the Public schools is that they don't have fifty-three weeks' vacation every year, with an additional week on leap year.

The trouble with most of the people in this misguided world is that they waste so much time thinking of their own virtues and enterprises that they don't have leisure to see how laudable and useful your little schemes are.

The trouble with the small boy is that his big sister never was a small boy herself, and so she doesn't know how the small boy feels.

The trouble with the small girl is that she isn't bigger.

The trouble with the big girl is that every pair of scales she steps on gives her a weigh.

The trouble with the purist in grammar is that people will persist in thinking that things themselves are more important than how you say them.

The trouble with lots of cats is that they don't get enough dreamless sleep these nights.

The trouble with milliners is that the women folk don't get so enthusiastic over their bills as they do over their bonnets.

The trouble with the average wife is that her husband is more prodigal with his protestations of affection than he is with his money, and that he doesn't waste much of either unless he wants a button sewed on.

The trouble with the average husband is that he knows his wife knows he isn't so big a man as he wants the world to think he is.

The trouble with the people generally is that they can't always have what they want, and they seldom think they want what they have; that they see their own virtues and other people's vices with a magnifying glass, and turn the telescope the wrong end to when they look at their own vices and other people's virtues; that they grumble when things go wrong instead of going to work to make things go right; that they cry over spilled milk when, in all probability, the milk has all the water it can stand already.—*Somerville Journal.*

Cutting The Marriage Rates.

Edgar Blodgett was one of the old-timers, who used to preach in a town in the southeastern part of the Territory. On week days he carried on a prosperous livery stable business. There was a good deal of competition between him and the Justice of the Peace on marriage ceremonies, and they cut the former price of $3 down to a much lower figure. One day a young couple who lived down on the bottoms were married by the Elder. After the ceremony the groom acknowledged that he hadn't a cent, and asked the Elder to trust him till fall. "I'll tell you what'll do," replied the minister, "you any yer wife agrees to drive around town a little, while carryin' a sign advertisin' my business, an' I'll call it square." They agreed to it, an a few minutes the blushing bride and proud groom were riding about the streets upon a high seat in a lumber wagon, bearing aloft a canvas sign, reading as follows:

We was spliced by the Reverend Elder Blodgett and we like his Style! Cost $2—cheapest place in town; Study located at Red Front Barn.
Pay no attention to justices or other side ushers, but go right to the Elder for your marrying.
Money cheerfully refunded in case of Divorce.
Oats, corn and hay took the same as Cash.
Good Livery Rigs always on hand. Also trade and exchange Horses.
☞Come to the Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening!!!

—*Dakota Bell.*

HA! HA! HA!

Great Humbug Sale

FOR SIXTY DAYS.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP

Or, to explain ourselves more fully, our office boy will sever his connection with us on February the 1st. He goes by mutual consent and the flight of time, and from now until that date we will hold

A Great Humbug Sale

All goods will be slaughtered, as we will require on February 1st the sum of

ONE MILLION DOLLARS

to pay him his salary in full up to that date. In order to raise this amount we will sell. You say:

BOSH, HUMBUG, NONSENSE!

And so it is. Thank Goodness, we don't have to resort to any such desperate announcements to catch the unwary. THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES are giving the biggest filled up and running over bargains of any house in the Dominion. We could easily give you 10 per cent. off, yes, 25 per cent. off, did we charge the exhorbitant prices that our competitors do. But we don't believe in that. We give you fresh, new goods at 40 per cent. less than you can buy the same qualities and makes for elsewhere. We are now giving the Greatest Bargains on Earth in

Men's and Boys' Clothing,

Furs and Gents' Furnishings

THE ARMY & NAVY

Clothing Stores,

133 to 137 King St. E. Opp. St. James' Cathedral. | 221 Yonge Street, Cor. Shuter Street.

HARRY WEBB'S

SALUTATORY.

There is an old proverb which says: "Well begun is half done," but the Saturday Night is not half done. Oh, no—by no means! although it is well begun. "A new broom sweeps clean," but the discerning public of Canada do not require to have the cobwebs swept out of their eyes in order to see in Saturday Night the Dainties that Harry Webb has prepared for those whose tastes lead them to indulge in the good things of this life. We shall endeavor to show you things new and old; the old made new under his novel methods of catering, and the new novel indeed. For, he indeed, is

KING OF THE CATERERS.

Listen to him now, as he tells of those things peculiar to his establishment:

OUR FANCY LIGHT-MIXED CAKES are the acknowledged Novelties of the land.

OUR FANCY ICES, in all shapes and flavors, are new.

OUR JELLIES and CREAMS, both in shape and flavor, are new.

Our German, French, American and English Bonbons are new.

OUR ENTREES for Dinners are new and old, but you wouldn't know them in our new and elegant dishes.

NEW GLASS AND SILVER EPERGNES.

Our Waiters are courteous.

NEW FRUIT GLACES, just arrived.

We supply everything for Dinners, Suppers, At Homes and Evening Parties.

We sell First Quality Mince-meat made by us on the premises of the very finest ingredients money can buy. We sell Plum Pudding ready for the pot. We sell all kinds of Entrees ready for the range.

WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY, but come and see for yourselves at 447 Yonge street, or send for estimates for anything you want.

Why do we advertise? Only to point out our novelties, for really everybody knows us, our goods are ever before a discerning public.

We believe in the survival of the fittest, and we have survived. Our goods recommend themselves in whatever line you want.

We will send out a letter every week in Saturday Night, which you should read carefully and profit thereby. It will tell you where to buy goods—where the goods are of the best value. They will be from a concern that cannot afford to keep old goods in stock, but where everything is fresh and sweet, where the daily turnover is so great that goods can't get stale.

HARRY WEBB

The King of the Caterers,

447 YONGE STREET. 447

Look out for my letter next week describing the newest things for Parties, Dinners, etc.

HARRY WEBB.

MICHIE & CO.

LATE

FULTON, MICHIE & CO.

TORONTO,

5 1-2 and 7 KING STREET WEST

DECEMBER, 1, 1887.

On and after this date our prices on all groceries will be reduced to the very lowest on the market. Our aim is to extend our already large connection, and the public can now buy from us the very finest goods for the same price usually paid for inferior makes.

MICHIE & CO.

A visit to our fine attractive stores will both please and pay intending purchasers. For those desiring a complete list of our goods we have just issued a new

CATALOGUE OF GROCERIES

AND

PRICE LIST OF WINES

and will send them by post to any one applying, either by post or through

TELEPHONE 409.

Among the most seasonable articles just imported we have our usual fine assortment from

Crosse & Blackwell.....*London, Eng.*
Gordon & Dilworth.....*New York*

BISCUITS, from—
Peek, Fean & Co.....*London, Eng.*
Huntley & Palmer..... " "
Van Dewer & Holmes.....*New York*
Kennedy & Co.....*Boston*

CHOCOLATES & CREAMS, from—
Cadbury & Bros.....*London, Eng.*
Fry & Sons..... " "
Menier.....*France*

BON-BONS & XMAS CRACKERS, from—
Tom Smith & Co.....*London, Eng.*

COLORED CANDLES—
.....*New York*

MICHIE & CO

Late Fulton, Michie & Co.

TORONTO.

THE

BON MARCHE

TELEGRAM.

Montreal, Nov. 29, '87.

BON MARCHE, Toronto.

Please make public on receipt that I have just purchased at the rate of 55c. on the dollar the magnificent stock of Fancy Goods offered for sale here to-day. This will put us in a position to defy all competition for the Christmas trade.

F. X. COUSINEAU.

Further announcements regarding this great stock will appear at once.

Our great sale of SILKS, SATINS, DRESS GOODS, SEALETTES, and MANTLE CLOTHS is an Unparalled Success, as the crowded state of our store amply confirms.

The magnificent line of goods we are now showing "at half price" cannot fail to draw the attention of careful and judicious buyers.

F.X. COUSINEAU & CO

BON MARCHE

BANKRUPT STOCK EMPORIUM

7 AND 9 KING ST. EAST.

P.S.—Wonderfully cheap lines of Goods coming into stock every day.

THE

HARDMAN PIANO.

WITH JUST PRIDE

WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano in the world which has an iron key-frame support.
WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano in the world with a patent harp-stop attachment.
WE CLAIM that it is the only first-class Piano sold at an honest price.
WE CLAIM that for Purity of Tone and phenomenal durability it cannot be excelled.
WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano which improves after two or three years' usage and retains its full power and tone.

33,000 NOW IN USE.

New Warerooms, 138 Fifth Ave., New York.

Hardman, Peck & Co., Manufacturers.

A Few Second-hand Pianos at a bargain

C. H. BIGGER,

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

W. WEST & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

BOOTS and SHOES

Now showing a large assortment of

LADIES' FINE SHOES,
GENTS' FINE SHOES,
CHILDREN'S BOOTS.

Also Just Opened up a Magnificent Stock of

GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS

Just the thing for a Holiday Present.

Note the address

W. WEST & CO.,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT,

246 YONGE STREET.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN A

PRIZE IN A LONG STOCKING.

IS OUR DISPLAY OF NEW

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS GOODS,

And in order to avoid the crush we usually have during Xmas week, we will give a SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 10 PER CENT. ON ALL GOODS BOUGHT ON OR BEFORE DEC. 15TH.

REMEMBER

our prices are always low so this is a

BIG OFFER

Goods selected now will be

RESERVED

until CHRISTMAS if desired on payment of a small deposit.

THE PANTECHNETHECA

118 YONGE STREET, CORNER ADELAIDE STREET.

Tea, Dinner, Breakfast Lunch, Fish and Game Sets. English, American and German Glassware, Art Pottery. French Flowers, Royal Worcester, Zolnay and Fishern Hungarian Ware, Teplitz Ware, Statuary, Silver-plated Goods, Rogers' Cutlery and Carvers. Fancy Goods.

Our Prices are low, our Goods new. Customers receive prompt and courteous attention, and we esteem it a priv lege to show our Goods.

☞Be sure and take the Elevator to our Show Rooms on the Second Flat, as we have some Elegant Goods there that you should see.